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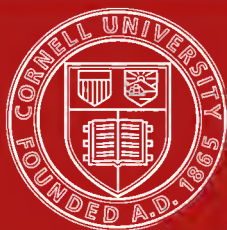
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*Shakespeare's
Centurie of Prayse.*



Shakespeare's Centurie of Prayse;

BEING

Materials for a History of Opinion
on Shakespeare and his Works,

*Culled from Writers of the first Century
after his Rise.*

*Praestanti tibi maturos largimur honores,
Jurandasque tuum per nomen ponimus aras,
Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.*

Horat. Epist., lib. ii, ep. i, l. 73.



LONDON:

FOR THE EDITOR:

*Printed by JOSIAH ALLEN, of Birmingham,
& published by TRÜBNER & Co., 57 & 59, Ludgate Hill.*

1874.

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Forespeech.

—o—

ALL is not “Prayse” that is celebrated in the ensuing pages : but the prevailing character of the parts may fairly be allowed to give designation to the whole. The experience of the two years during which the editor has been engaged upon this work has prepared him for the discovery that many links in the chain of allusion to Shakespeare have been omitted. It were surely unnecessary for him to have undertaken such a work to convince himself of his liability to oversight and error. Yet as surely, if he had the conceit of regarding himself as *nothing if not critical*, and worse than nothing if not accurate, as being beyond, not indeed the possibility, but the danger, of

making mistakes, there is no furer help for his malady than the attempt to execute a complete catena of extraçts relating to one man, stretching through a century of obsolete or obsolescent literature. The editor never rightly estimated the difficulty of making an exact copy or a perfect collation, to say nothing of other and greater difficulties that infest this kind of work, until he had partly executed *Shakeſpeare's Centurie of Prayſe*. At its commencement he felt confidence in his ability to make the collection nearly exhaustive : but as it received, from time to time during the proceſs of printing, freſh acceſſions of material, he gradually allowed reſignation to uſurp the place of hope, and looked no longer for "the praiſe of perfection." *

The difficulty of completing ſuch a work on a pre-arranged plan is ſhown by the fact ſomewhat irregularly recorded on p. 338, and further by the diſcovery of a contemporary mention of Shakeſpeare, which was brought under our notice after that page had been printed. It occurs in the following paſſage :

"Our moderne, and preſent excellent Poets which worthely flouriſh in their owne workes, and all of them in my owne knowledge lived together in this Queenes raigne, according to their priorities as neere as I could, I have orderly ſet downe (viz) *George Gaſcoigne* Eſquire, *Thomas Church-yard* Eſquire, ſir *Edward Dyer* Knight, *Edmond Spencer* Eſquire, ſir *Philip Sidney* Knight, ſir *John Harrington* Knight, ſir *Thomas Chailoner* Knight, ſir *Francis Bacon* Knight, & ſir *John Davie* Knight, Maſter *John Little* gentleman, Maſter *George Chapman* gentleman, M. *W. Warner* gentleman, M. *Willi.*

Should this book reach a second edition, it may, by renewed researches, be rendered very nearly complete. The editor does not expect that much retrenchment is possible. The number of doubtful extracts included in it does not exceed half a dozen (they occur on pp. 7, 10, 12-13, 19, 20, and 33). But it is impossible to doubt that there is yet much gleanings to be done on the less frequented fields of the relative literature.

The catena constituting the *Centurie* is supplemented by a small collection of extracts which had been overlooked by the editor, or were discovered too late for insertion in their proper places. His object has been to make the collection as complete and correct as possible; and he has accordingly proclaimed such of his own omissions and mistakes as came to his knowledge before the publication of the book. With all its defects, it is certainly far in advance of any-

Shakespeare gentleman, *Samuell Daniell* Esquire, *Michaell Drayton* Esquire, of the bath, *M. Christopher Marlowe* gen. *M. Benjamine Jonson* gentleman, *John Marston* Esquire, *M. Abraham Frauncis* gen. master *Frauncis Meers* gentle. master *Josua Silvester* gentle. master *Thomas Deckers* gentleman, *M. John Flecher* gentle. *M. John Webster* gentleman, *M. Thomas Heywood* gentleman, *M. Thomas Middleton* gentleman, *M. George Withers*."—*John Stow's Annales*, 1615, p. 811. (Reign of Queen Elizabeth.)

thing of the kind that has hitherto been attempted. Garrick's collection, the first that was published, was exceedingly meagre; and those of Drake and Malone not much more extensive. The extracts given in the last chapter of Book IX and the first of Book XI of Knight's *Shakspeare Studies* are a mere selection to serve a purpose, and are often inaccurately given. The late Mr. Bolton Corney, the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart of Blackburn, and Mr. George Dawson of Birmingham, have, each at a different time, projected a *History of Opinion* on Shakespeare and his works: but all their designs were either frustrated or delayed, and were not executed. Mr. Grosart's *Contemporary Judgments of Poets*, announced four years ago, seems to have shared the same fate; but it will some day, we hope, be carried out. Should that work be published, we may expect to find in that portion of it which will concern our bard some of the links missing from this catena: but also (if we may judge from Mr. Grosart's own deliverances) some extracts which only the most indulgent explorer would venture to count among notices of Shakespeare.

Incomplete as the ensuing collection must be, it is sufficiently extensive to afford both positive and negative evidence as to the estimation in which Shakespeare was held by the writers of the century during which his fame was germinating; viz., 1592—1693. It is, in fact, praise, and in some few cases dispraise, and not yet fame, that is shown in the subsequent testimonies. They bear witness to *subjective* opinions, preparing the way for the *objective* judgment which has seated Shakespeare on the Throne of Poets. The absence of sundry great names with which no pains of research, scrutiny, or study could connect the most trivial allusion to the bard or his works (such, *e. g.*, as Lord Brooke, Lord Bacon, Selden, Sir John Beaumont, Henry Vaughan,* and Lord Clarendon) is *tacitly* significant: the iteration of the same vapid and affected compliments, couched in conventional terms,

* The following extract will serve at once to exemplify a *possible* allusion to Shakespeare: which if *actual* would relieve Vaughan from the charge of ignoring Shakespeare.

"The first that with any effectual success attempted a diversion of this foul and overflowing stream, was the blessed man, Mr. George Herbert, whose holy life and verse gained many pious converts—of whom I am the least—and gave the first check to a most flourishing and advanced wit of his time."—*Silex Scintillans; or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*, by Henry Vaughan, Silurist. 1650. [12mo.]

from writers of the first two periods,—comparing Shakespeare's "tongue," "pen," or "vein," to silver, honey, sugar, or nectar, while they ignore his greater and distinguishing qualities, is *expressly* significant. It is plain, for one thing, that the bard of our admiration was unknown to the men of that age, though it is undeniable that his supremacy in some important respects was at length recognised by Ben Jonson, and subsequently by Milton and Dryden. How could it well be otherwise? Men of genius, like them, could no more be blind to the genius of Shakespeare than could Wagner and Gounod be insensible to the orchestral excellence of Mendelssohn. Differing as the editor does from many of the conclusions of Mr. Gerald Massey, he is the more pleased to find himself at one with him here.* Assuredly no one during the

* In allusion to Spenser's *Tears of the Muses*, Mr. Massey writes thus :

"But we may safely say that no man living in 1590 ever saw Shakespeare as the 'man whom Nature's self had made to mock herself, and truth to imitate.'"

And again—

"Harvey's lusty *réveille* and Ben Jonson's eulogy notwithstanding, it is quite demonstrable that Shakespeare's contemporaries had no adequate conception of what manner of man or majesty of mind were amongst them. We know him better than they did!" *The Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets*, &c. 1872. pp. 511 & 528.

"Centurie" had any suspicion that the genius of Shakespeare was unique, and that he was *fui generis*—*i. e.*, the only exemplar of his species. Those who ranked him very high compared him to Spenser, Sidney, Chapman, Jonson, Fletcher, and even lesser lights, and most of the judges of that time assigned the first place to one of them.

We do not look for Shakespeare's name in books on poets and poetry which were issued before 1593, when his *Venus and Adonis*, "the first heir of [his] invention," was issued: so that we are not surprised at the silence of William Webbe (1586), George Puttenham (1589), Sir John Harrington (1591), and Sir Philip Sidney (1595). Shakespeare could hardly have been known to any of them. But the case is otherwise with works of the same character issued as late as 1598, the year in which was published a collection of satires called *Skialethia*: the sixth of which contains the names of Chaucer, Gower, Daniel, Markham, Drayton, and Sidney,—but not that of Shakespeare. Ben Jonson, writing some forty years later, makes the same remarkable omission: in his *Discoveries* (*Præ-*

cupiendi modi) he remarks that "as it is fit to read the best authors to youth first, so let them be of the openest and clearest;" and he specifies Sidney, Donne, Gower, Chaucer, and Spenser,—but not Shakespeare. Nash seems to have divided the palm between Spenser and Peele; but he wrote a little too early for Shakespeare. Richard Carew assigns the first place to Sidney, in which judgment he was, perhaps, influenced by their early friendship at Oxford. Davison and a host of others set an extravagant value on Daniel. The elder Basse, Taylor (the ferryman), and Edward Phillips seem to put Spenser and Shakespeare on an equality. Spenser himself, Webster, and Camden, after enumerating various contemporary poets, apologetically give the last place to Shakespeare, the two former employing the proverbial phrase "last not least," or an equivalent. It would be hard to find any grudge or unfairness towards him in all this dealing: on the contrary, if by many he was ignored, he was ignored with other poets of good repute, and assuredly by many he was considered as a formidable rival to Spenser and Sidney in

one branch of the art, and to Lilly, Peele, Chapman, and Jonson in another. Such praise was indeed most inadequate; but it would reverse the order of nature if a poet were to attain to fame *per saltum*, to be recognised for what he is, and appreciated at his true value, before such lapse of time as is sufficient for the formation of a ripe and objective school of criticism. If, as Mr. Charles Knight concludes, "he was *always* in the heart of the people" (*Shakspere Studies*, 1851, p. 504), that fact speaks more for Shakespeare as a showman than for Shakespeare as a man of genius. Doubtless he knew his men; but assuredly his men did not know him. The drift of his plays was in a manner intelligible, or they would not have been entertaining, to the penny-knaves who pestered the Globe and Blackfriars Theatres. But his profound reach of thought and his unrivalled knowledge of human nature were as far beyond the vulgar ken, as were the higher graces of his poetry. It is to men of sensibility and education that Shakespeare appeals as a man of genius; and it is to the literate class we must look for the imprefs of that genius.

Amidst the discordant voices of praise and of blame, the echoes of antiquated compliment mingled with the pedantic censure and fanatic eulogy of later times, it has been difficult to bring sobriety of judgment and purity of taste to bear on Shakespeare's writings. We are at length slowly rounding to a just estimate of his works; and the time seems to be at hand when men of culture will attribute to the object of their admiration a much higher range of powers than were requisite for the production of the most popular and successful dramas in the world.

A few words in conclusion on the notices which constitute this catena. Of course it begins with the earliest known allusions to Shakespeare, viz., those in 1592. In strictness it should end before the publication of the first systematic critique on Shakespeare: for the inclusion of all such would be to reprint a library. Now "Dryden," as Samuel Johnson says (Preface to his *Shakespeare*, 1765), "may be properly considered as the father of English Criticism, as the writer who first taught us to determine upon principles the merit of

composition :” and Dryden’s only systematic essay on Shakespeare is the Preface to his own *Troilus and Cressida*, printed in 1679. But having given so many of Dryden’s remarks on Shakespeare, the editor thought he was justified in reprinting, in an abridged form, that remarkable essay, which in the quarto of 1679 occupies fifteen pages. He has so far, then, departed from his prospectus, and included in his collection a formal and lengthy criticism. That being so, Dryden’s essay will serve to make his position the clearer: to exhibit an exceptional sample of the work he professes to exclude, and thus to bring home to every reader the necessity of the rule which excludes works of that class. After Dryden, the first formal critics are Rymer and Dennis. The work of Rymer which Dryden refers to in the Preface to *Troilus and Cressida* is that from which we have given the only extracts referring to Shakespeare, viz., *The Tragedies of the last Age considered and examined by the Practice of the Ancients*, 1678. His *Short View of Tragedy*, 1693, and *The Impartial Critick of* Dennis, 1693, and all subsequent publications

are excluded. Yet through the editor's decision to admit every work of Dryden's which deals with or alludes to Shakespeare, this catena extends into the year 1693; for the *Epistle to Sir Godfrey Kneller* was written in that year: and thus he is enabled to include the important letter of John Dowdall to the Rev. Edward Southwell. This pre-critical century naturally divides itself into four periods: the *first* extending from the earliest allusion to Shakespeare till his death in 1616: the *second* from his death to the outbreak of the Civil War in 1642: the *third* from the closing of the theatres to the Restoration: and the *fourth* extends from the return of the Merry Monarch to the rise of criticism. After this Shakespeare's fame as a classic really began. We are commencing with that century when rumour had hardly begun her work, and when his poems were read, and his plays seen, as matters which belonged to the age, and not as "works" for all time.

The editor has excluded from the catena all documentary notices of Shakespeare; for, besides being foreign to its scope, they are

sufficiently numerous and extensive to form a considerable volume by themselves.*

In garnering so large a harvest he has received kind and efficient help from many friends. He has usually gone to the fountain-head for the extract employed: but when occasional impediments—as distance, pre-occupation, or sickness—hindered him in this, he relied on the copy or collation of a friend. For such work he is chiefly indebted to W. S. W. VAUX, Esq., F.R.S., and to W. B. RYE, Esq., the Keeper of the Printed Books of the British Museum. To J. O. PHILLIPPS (HALLIWELL), Esq., F.R.S., he is indebted for many references which he would otherwise have overlooked, and for having so liberally placed at his disposal the wood-cut forming the frontispice to the large-paper copies. He owes to his lamented friend, the late

* Perhaps the most curious of these is one of the answers of Shakespeare's granddaughter, the widow of Thomas Nash, to a suit preferred by Edward Nash (*Chancery Proceedings*, N. N., 17, No. 65); where we read that New Place was "the Inheritance of William Shakespear the Defend^t. Grandfather whoe was seized thereof in Fee simple long before the Defend^t marriage wth the said Thomas Nashe." This answer is dated April 17, 24 Caroli. As James died March 26, 1625, the 24th year of Charles *would have* ended on March 27, 1649; but it *actually* ended on January 30, 1649, by the king's decapitation; so that the date of the answer is April 17, 1648.

HOWARD STAUNTON, Esq., a felicitous amendment of the head-title, and three valuable extracts. His thanks are also due to Mr. C. EDMONDS and Mr. R. K. DENT (both of Birmingham) for numerous extracts, and to the Rev. H. A. HOLDEN, LL.D., for revising those of his notes which deal with the learned languages.

C. M. INGLEBY.

Valentines, Ilford,
Oct. 16th, 1874.



ROBERT GREENE, 1592.

BASE minded men al three of you, if
by my miserie ye be not warned:
for unto none of you (like me) fought
those burres to cleave: those Puppits (I meane)
that speake from our mouths, those Anticks
garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that
I, to whom they al have beene beholding: is
it not like that you, to whome they all have
beene beholding, shall (were ye in that case
that I am now) be both at once of them
forfaken? Yes trust them not: for there is
an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers,
that with his *Tygers heart wrapt in a Players
hide*, supposes he is as well able to bumbast
out a blanke verse as the best of you: and
being an absolute *Johannes fac totum*, is in
his owne conceit the onely Shake-scene in a
countrie. O that I might intreate your rare
wits to be imployed in more profitable
courses: & let those Apes imitate your past
excellence, and never more acquaint them
with your admired inventions. I know the
best husband of you all will never proue

an Ufurer, and the kindest of them all wil never proove a kinde nurse: yet whilst you may, seeke you better Maisters; for it is pittie men of such rare wits, should be subiect to the pleasures of such rude groomes.

In this I might insert two more that both have writ against these buckram Gentlemen; but let their owne works serve to witnesse against their owne wickednesse, if they per-sever to maintaine any more such peasants. For other new commers, I leave them to the mercie of these painted monsters, who (I doubt not) will drive the best minded to despise them; for the rest it skils not though they make a jeast at them.

*Green's Groats-worth of Wit; bought with a
Million of Repentaunce. 1596.*

HENRY CHETTLE, SEPT.—DEC., 1592.

WITH neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them I care not if I never be: The other, whome at that time I did not so much spare, as since I wish I had, for that as I have moderated the heate of living writers, and might have vsde my owne discretion (especially in such a case) the Author beeing dead, that I did not, I am as fory, as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because my selfe have seene his demeanor no lesse civill than he exelent in the qualitie he professes: Besides, divers of worship have reported, his uprightnes of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that aprooves his Art.

*Kind-Harts Dreame. [n.d. 1600. 4to.] To
the Gentlemen Readers. p. 2.*

HENRY CHETTLE, 1603.

AOR doth the silver tonged *Melicert*,
 Drop from his honied muse one
 fable teare
 To mourne her death that graced his desert,
 And to his laies opene her Royall eare.
 Shepheard remember our *Elizabeth*,
 And sing her Rape, done by that *Tur-*
quin, Death.

Englandes Mourning Garment. [Anon. n.d.
 1603. 4^{to}.]

1603—1604.



YOU Poets all, brave Shakespeare,
Johnson, Green,
Bestow your time to write for
England's Queene.

Lament, lament, &c.

Returne your fongs and Sonnets and your
layes

To fet forth fweet Elizabeth[a]'s praife.

Lament, lament, &c.

*A mourneful Dittie entituled Elizabeth's losse,
together with a welcome to King James.
[Anon. n.d.]*

GABRIEL HARVEY, 1592.

GOOD sweete Oratour, be a devine
 Poet indeede: and use heavenly
 Eloquence indeede: and employ
 thy golden talent with amounting ufance
 indeede: and with heroicall Cantoes honour
 right Vertue, & brave valour indeede: as
 noble Sir Philip Sidney, and gentle Maister
 Spencer have done, with immortall Fame:
 and I will bestow more complements of rare
 amplifications upon thee, then ever any
 bestowed uppon them: or this Tounge ever
 afforded: or any Aretinish mountaine of huge
 exaggerations can bring-foorth. Right arti-
 ficiality, (whereat I once aimed to the utter-
 most power of my slender capacity,) is not
 mad-brained, or ridiculous, or absurd, or
 blasphemous, or monstrous: but deepe-con-
 ceited, but pleasurable, but delicate, but
 exquisite, but gracious, but admirable: not
 according to the fantastlicall mould of *Aretine*,
 or *Rabelays*, but according to the fine modell
 of *Orpheus*, *Homer*, *Pindarus*, & the excel-
 lentest wittes of Greece, and of the Lande,
 that flowed with milk, and hony. * * *
 For I dare not name the Honorabler Sonnes
 & Nobler Daughters of the sweetest, &
 divinest Muses, that ever sang in English or

other language: for feare of fufpition of that, which I abhorre: and their owne moft delectable, and delicious Exercifes, (the fine handyworke of excellent Nature, and excellenter Arte combined) fpeake incomparably more, then I am able briefly to infinuate. Gentle mindes, and flourishing wittes, were infinitely to-blame, if they fhould not alfo for curious imitation, propofe unto themfelves fuch faire Types of refined, and engraced Eloquence. The right Noovice of pregnante, and aspiring conceit, wil not over-fkippe any precious gemme of Invention, or any beautiful floure of Elocution, that may richly adorne, or gallantly bedecke the trimme garland of his budding ftile. I fpeake generally to every fpringing wit: but more fpecially to a few: and at this inflante fingularly to one; whom I falute with a hundred bleffings: and entreate with as many prayers, to love them, that love all good wittes: and hate none, but the Devell, and his incarnate Impes, notoriously profefled. * * * * *

London: this 8 & 9 of September.

The friend of his frendes, & foe of none.

Four Letters, and Certaine Sonnets: efpecially touching Robert Greene, and other parties, by him abufed. 1592. Third Letter, pp. 48, 49.

GABRIEL HARVEY, 1598.



HE younger fort take much delight
in Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis;
but his Lucrece, and his tragedy of
Hamlet Prince of Denmarke, have it in them
to please the wifer fort, 1598.

*Manuscript Note in Speght's Chaucer. First
printed in Steeven's Shakspeare. 1766.
(Reed, xviii, 2; Boswell's Malone, vii, 168;
Drake, ii, 391, &c.)*

RICHARD CAREW, 1595—1600.

ADDE hereunto, that whatsoever grace any other language carrieth in verse or prose, in Tropes or Metaphors, in Ecchoes and Agnominations, they may all be lively and exactly represented in ours: will you have *Platoes* veine? reade Sir *Tho. Smith*.—the *Ionicke*? Sir *Thomas Moore*.—Ciceroes? *Afcham*.—*Varro*? *Chaucer*.—*Demofthenes*? Sir *John Cheeke* (who in his treatise to the Rebels, hath comprised all the figures of Rhetorick. Will you reade *Virgil*? take the Earle of Surrey.—*Catullus*? *Shakespeare* and *Barlows* fragment,—*Ovid*? *Daniel*.—*Lucan*? *Spencer*,—*Martial*? Sir *John Davies*, and others: will you have all in all for prose and verse? take the miracle of our age, Sir *Philip Sidney*.

The Excellencie of the English tongue by R. C. of Anthony Esquire to W. C. Camden's Remaines concerning Britaine. (Languages.) 1605. [4to.]

EDMUND SPENSER, APRIL—27 DEC.,
1594.

AND there, though last not least is
AETION,
A gentler shepheard may no where
be found:
Whose Muse, full of high thoughts invention,
Doth like himfelfe heroically found.

Colin Clout's Come Home Again. 1595. [4to.]

1594.

IN *Lavine Land* though *Livie* boſt,
There hath beene ſeene a *Conſtant*
dame:

Though *Rome* lament that ſhe have loſt
The *Gareland* of her rareſt fame,
Yet now we ſee, that here is found,
As great a *Faith* in *Engliſh* ground.

Though *Collatine* have deerely bought,
To high renowne, a laſting life,
And found, that moſt in vaine have fought,
To have a *Faire* and *Conſtant* wife,
Yet *Tarquyne* pluckt his gliſtering grape,
And *Shakeſpeare*, paints poore *Lucrece*
rape.

*Commendatory verſes prefixed to Willobie his
Aviſa. 1594. [Anon.]*

HENRY WILLOBIE, 1594.

CANT. XLIIII.

Henrico Willobego. Italo-Hispanicus.

W. being suddenly infected with the contagion of a fantastical fit, at the first sight of A, pyneth a while in secret griefe, at length not able any longer to indure the burning heate of so fervent a humour, bewrayeth the secrecy of his disease unto his familiar friend W. S. who not long before had tried the curtesy of the like passion, and was now newly recovered of the like infection; yet finding his friend let blood in the same vaine, he took pleasure for a tyme to see him bleed, & in steed of stopping the issue, he enlargeth the wound, with the sharpe rasor of a willing conceit, perswading him that he thought it a matter very easy to be compassed, & no doubt with payne, diligence & some cost in time to be obtayned. Thus this miserable comforter comforting his friend with an impossibilitie, eyther for that he now would secretly laugh at his friends folly, that had given occasion not long before unto others to laugh at his owne, or because he would see whether an other could play his

part better then himfelfe, & in vewing afar
off the courfe of this loving Comedy, he
determined to fee whether it would fort to
a happier end for this new a^ctor, then it did
for the old player. But at length this Comedy
was like to have growen to a Tragedy, by the
weake & feeble eftate that H. W. was brought
unto, by a desperate vewe of an impossibility
of obtaining his purpofe, til Time & Necessity,
being his beft Phifitions brought him a plafter,
if not to heale, yet in part to eafe his maladye.
In all which difcourfe is lively represented the
unrewly rage of unbrydeled fancy, having the
raines to rove at liberty, with the dyvers &
fundry changes of affections & temptations,
which Will, fet loose from Reason, can devife.
&c.

H. W.

H. W.



HAT fodaine chance or change is
this,
That doth bewreave my quyet
reft ?

* * * * *

But yonder comes my faythfull frend,
That like affaultes hath often tryde,
On his advife I will depend,
Where I fhall winne, or be denyde,^[whether]
And looke what counfell he fhall give,
That will I do, where dye or live.^[whether]

CANT. XLV.

W. S.

Well met, frend Harry, what's the cause
 You looke so pale with Lented cheeks?
 Your wanny face & sharpened nose
 Shew plaine, your mind some thing mislikes,
 If you will tell me what it is,
 He helpe to mend what is amisse.

What is she, man, that workes thy woe,
 And thus thy tickling fancy move?
 Thy drouse eyes, & sighes do shew,
 This new disease proceedes of love,
 Tell what she is that witch't thee so,
 I sweare it shall no farder go.

A heavy burden wearieth one,
 Which being parted then in twaine,
 Seemes very light, or rather none,
 And boren well with little paine:
 The smothered flame, too closely pent,
 Burnes more extreame for want of vent.

So sorrowes shrynde in secret brest,
 Attainte the hart with hotter rage,
 Then griefes that are to frendes exprest,
 Whose comfort may some part assuage:
 If I a frend, whose faith is tryde,
 Let this request not be denyde.

Excessive griefes good counfells want,
 And cloud the fence from sharp conceits;
 No reason rules, where forrowes plant,
 And folly feedes, where fury fretes,
 Tell what she is, and you shall see,
 What hope and help shall come from mee.

CANT. XLVI.

H. W.

Seest yonder howse, where hanges the badge
 Of Englands Saint, when captaines cry
 Victorious land, to conquering rage,
 Loe, there my hopelesse helpe doth ly:
 And there that frendly foe doth dwell,
 That makes my hart thus rage and swell.

CANT. XLVII.

W. S.

Well, say no more: I know thy griefe,
 And face from whence these flames aryse,
 It is not hard to fynd reliefe,
 If thou wilt follow good advyse:
 She is no Saynt, She is no Nonne,
 I thinke in tyme she may be wonne.

^{Ars}
 veteratoria At first repulse you must not faint,
 Nor flye the field though she deny
 You twife or thrife, yet manly bent,
 Againe you must, and still reply:
 When tyme permits you not to talke
 Then let your pen and fingers walke.

Munera
(crede mihi)
placant
hominesq;
deosq; Apply her fill with dyvers thinges,^[Ply]
 (For giftes the wyfeth will deceave)
 Sometymes with gold, fometymes
 with ringes,
 No tyme nor fit occafion leave,
 Though coy at firft ſhe feeme and wiede,
 Theſe toyes in tyme will make her yielde.

Looke what ſhe likes; that you muſt love,
 And what ſhe hates, you muſt deteſt,
 Where good or bad, you muſt approve,
 The wordes and workes that pleaſe her beſt :
 If ſhe be godly, you muſt ſweare,
 That to offend you ſtand in feare.

Wicked
wiles to de-
ceave witles
women. You muſt commend her loving face,
 For women joy in beauties praiſe,
 You muſt admire her ſober grace,
 Her wiſdome and her vertuous wayes,
 Say, t'was her wit and modeſt ſhoe,^[show]
 That made you like and love her fo.

You muſt be ſecret, conſtant, free,
 Your ſilent ſighes & trickling teares,
 Let her in ſecret often ſee,
 Then wring her hand, as one that feares
 To ſpeake, then wiſh ſhe were your wife,
 And laſt deſire her ſave your life.

When she doth laugh, you must be glad,
 And watch occasions, tyme and place,
 When she doth frowne, you must be sad,
 Let sighes & fobbes request her grace :
 Sweare that your love is truly ment,
 So she in tyme must needes relent.

*Willobie his Avisa, or the true picture of a
 Modest Maide and of a chaste and constant
 wife. In hexameter verse. The like
 argument whereof was never heretofore
 published. 1594. [4to.] Sig. L 2.*

[SIR] W[ILLIAM] HAR[BERT], 1594.



Y^{OU} that to shew your wits, have taken
toyle

In regift'ring the deeds of noble men;
And fought for matter in a forraine foyle,
As worthie subiects of your silver pen,
Whom you have rais'd from darke oblivion's
den.

You that have writ of chaste Lucretia,
Whose death was witnesse of her spotlesse life:
Or pen'd the praise of fad Cornelia,
Whose blamelesse name hath made her fame
so rife,

As noble Pompey's most renoumed wife:
Hither unto your home direct your eies,
Whereas, unthought on, much more matter
lies.

*Epicedium. A funerall Song, upon the ver-
tuous life and godly death of the right
worshipfull the Lady Helen Branch.*

Virtus sola manet, cætera cuncta ruunt.

[Anon.] 1594.

*Reprinted in Brydges' Restituta, vol. iii, pp.
297—299.*

MICHAEL DRAYTON, 1594.

LUCRECE, of whom proud Rome
 hath boasted long,
 Lately reviv'd to live another age,
 And here arriv'd to tell of Tarquin's wrong,
 Her chaste denial, and the tyrants rage,
 Acting her passions on our stately stage,
 She is remember'd, all forgetting me,
 Yet I as fair and chaste as ere was she.

*Matilda, the faire and chaste Daughter of Lord
 Robert Fitzwater. 1594.*

ROBERT SOUTHWELL, 1594.



HIS makes my mourning Muse re-
 solve in teares,
 This theames my heavie penne to
 plaine in prose ;
 Christ's thorne is sharpe, no head His garland
 weares ;
 Stil finest wits are 'stilling Venus' rose,
 In Paynim toyes the sweetest vaines are
 spent ;
 To Christian workes few have their talents
 lent.

Saint Peters Complaint, with other Poemes.

1595. [4^{to}.]

The Authour to the Reader. (Grosart's

Ed., 1872, pp. xii, xc & 9.)

W[ILLIAM] C[LARKE], 1595.



ET divine *Bartasse* eternally praise
 worthie for his weeks worke, say the
 best things were made first: Let
 other countries (sweet *Cambridge*) envie,
 (yet admire) my *Virgil*, thy petrarch, divine
Spenser. And unlesse I erre, (a thing easie
 in such simplicitie) deluded by
 dearlie beloved *Delia*, and fortu-
 natelie fortunate *Cleopatra*; *Ox-*
ford thou maist extoll thy courte-
 deare-verse happie *Daniell*, whose
 sweete refined muse, in contracted
 shape, were sufficient amongst
 men, to gaine pardon of the sinne
 to *Rosemond*, pittie to distressed
Cleopatra, and everliving praise
 to her loving *Delia*:

All praise
 worthy.
 Lucrecia
 Sweet Shak-
 speare.
 Eloquent
 Gayeston.
 Wanton
 Adonis.
 Watsons
 heyre.
 So well gra-
 ced Antho-
 nie deser-
 veth immor-
 tal praise
 from the hand
 of that di-
 vine Lady
 who like Co-
 rinna conten-
 ding with
 Pindarus
 was oft vi-
 ctorious.

*Polimanteia or the meanes lawfull and unlaw-
 full to judge of the fall of a commonwealth,
 against the frivolous and foolish conjectures
 of this age, etc.* 1595. [4to.]

I. C. 1604 circa.



HO'E'RE will go unto the preffe may
fee,

The hated Fathers of vilde balladrie,
One sings in his bafe note the River Thames,
Shal found the famous memory of noble king

James

Another faves that he will to his death
Sing the renowned worthineffe of sweet *Eliza-*
beth,

So runnes their verfe in fuch difordered ftraine
And with them dare great majesty prophane,
Some dare do this, fome other humbly craves,
For helpe of Spirits in their fleeping graves,
As he that calde to *Shakefpeare, Johnfon,*
Greene,

To write of their dead noble Queene
But he that made the Ballads of oh hone,
Did wondrous well to whet the buyer on,
Thefe fellows are the flaundersers of the time,
Make ryming hatefull through their baftard
rime.

But were I made a judge in poetry
They all fhould burne for their vilde
herefie.

*Epigrames. Served out in 52 severall Dishes
for every man to fast without suffering.
(From Malone's Copy in the Bodleian Li-
brary.)*

Modicum non nocet. [n.d. 12mo] Epig. 12.

JOHN WEEVER, 1595.

Ad Gulielmum Shakespeare.



ONIE-TONG'D *Shakespeare* when
 I saw thine issue
 I swore *Apollo* got them and none
 other,
 Their rose-tainted features cloth'd in [tinted]
 tiffue,
 Some heaven born goddesse said to be their
 mother:
 Rose-checkt *Adonis* with his amber [cheeked]
 tresses,
 Faire fire-hot *Venus* charming him to love
 her,
 Chaste *Lucretia* virgine-like her dresfes,
 Prowd lust-stung *Tarquine* seeking still to
 prove her:
Romea-Richard; more whose names I [*Romeo,*]
 know not,
 Their sugred tongues, and power attractive
 beuty
 Say they are Saints, although that Sts they
 shew not
 For thoufands voves to them subjective [vow]
 dutie:

They burn in love thy childrē *Shakeſpear*
 het thē, [heated]

Go, wo thy Muſe more Nymphiſh brood
 beget them.

*Epigrammes in the oldeſt cut, and neweſt
 faſhion. A twiſe ſeven houres (in ſo
 many weekes) ſtudie No longer (like
 the faſhion) not unlike to continue The
 firſt ſeven, John Weever.*

Sit voluiſſe, ſat valuiſſe.

1599. [12mo.] *The 4th week: Epig. 22.*

FRANCIS MERES, 1596.

AS the Greeke tongue is made famous and eloquent by *Homer, Hesiod, Euripedes, Aeschilus, Sophocles, Pindarus, Phocylides* and *Aristophanes*; and the Latine tongue by *Virgill, Ovid, Horace, Silius Italicus, Lucanus, Lucretius, Aufonius* and *Claudianus*: so the English tongue is mightily enriched, and gorgeously invested in rare ornaments and resplendent habiliments by *Philip Sidney, Spencer, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, Shakespeare, Marlow* and *Chapman*.

* * * *

As the foule of *Euphorbus* was thought to live in *Pythagoras*: so the sweete wittie foule of *Ovid* lives in mellifluous & hony-tongued *Shakespeare*, witnes his *Venus* and *Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his fugged Sonnets among his private friends, &c.

As *Plautus* and *Seneca* are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines: so *Shakespeare* among y^e English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for Comedy, witnes his *Gentleman of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love labors lost*, his *Love labours wonne*, his *Midsummers night dreame*, & his *Merchant of Venice*: for Tragedy his *Richard the 2.* *Richard the 3.* *Henry the 4.*

King John, Titus Andronicus and his *Romeo* and *Juliet*.

As *Epius Stolo* said, that the Muses would speake with *Plautus* tongue, if they would speake Latin: so I say that the Muses would speake with Shakespeares fine filed phraze, if they would speake English.

* * * *

As *Ovid* faith of his worke;

*Jamq. opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.*

And as *Horace* faith of his; *Exegi monumentū ære perennius; Regaliq; situ pyramidū altius; Quod non imber edax; Non Aquilo impotens possit diruere; aut innumerabilis annorum series &c fuga temporum*: so say I severally of fir *Philip Sidneys, Spencers Daniels, Draytons, Shakespeares, and Warners* workes;

* * * *

As *Pindarus, Anacreon* and *Callimachus* among the Greekes; and *Horace* and *Catullus* among the Latines are the best Lyrick Poets: so in this faculty the best amōg our Poets are *Spencer* (who excelleth in all kinds) *Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, Brettō*.

As so these are our best for Tragedie, the Lorde *Buckhurst*, Doctōr *Leg* of Cambridge, Doctōr *Edes* of Oxforde, maister *Edward Ferris*, the Authour of the [*George*] *Mirrour for Magistrates, Marlow, Peele,*

*Watson, Kid, Shakespeare, Drayton, Chapman,
Decker, and Benjamin Johnson.*

* * * *

. . . fo the best for Comedy amongst us bee,
Edward Earle of Oxforde, Doct^r *Gager* of
Oxforde, Maister *Rowley* once a rare Scholler
of learned Pembroke Hall in Cambridge,
Maister *Edwardes* one of her Majesties
Chappell, eloquent and wittie *John Lilly*,
Lodge, Gascoyne, Greene, Shakespeare, Thomas
Nash, Thomas Heywood, Anthony Mundaye
our best plotter, *Chapman, Porter, Wilson,*
Hathway, and Henry Chettle.

* * * *

. . . fo these are the most passionate among
us to bewaile and bemoane the perplexities
of Love, *Henrie Howard* Earle of Surrey,
fir *Thomas Wyat* the elder, fir *Francis Brian*,
fir *Philip Sidney*, fir *Walter Rawley*, fir
Edward Dyer, Spencer, Daniel, Drayton,
Shakespeare, Whelstone, Gascoyne, Samuell
Page sometimes fellowe of *Corpus Christi*
Colledge in Oxford, *Churchyard, Bretton.*

*Palladis Tamia. Wits Treasury, Being the
Second part of Wits Common wealth. 1598.
[12mo.] Fols. 280, 281-2, 282, 283, 284.*

R[OBERT] T[OFTE], 1598.

LOVES labour lost I once did see, a
 play
 Y-cleped so, so called to my paine.
 Which I to heare to my small joy did stay,
 Giving attendance to my froward dame:
 My misgiving mind prefaging to me ill,
 Yet was I drawne to see it 'gainst my will.

* * * *

Each actor plaid in cunning wife his part,
 But chiefly those entrapt in Cupid's snare;
 Yet all was fained, 'twas not from the hart,
 They seeme[d] to grieve, but yet they felt no
 care:

'Twas I that grieve indeed did beare in
 brest,

The others did but make a shew in jest.

*The Months Minde of a melancholy Lover,
 divided into three parts. By R. T. gentle-
 man. 1598. [12mo.]*

RICHARD BARNEFIELD, 1598.

A Remembrance of some English Poets.

IVE *Spenser* ever in thy *Fairy Queene*;
Whose like (for deepe Conceit) was
never seene.

Crownd mayst thou bee, unto thy more re-
nowne,

(As King of Poets) with a Lawrell Crowne.

And *Daniell*, praised for thy sweet-chast Verfe:
Whose Fame is grav'd on *Rofamonds* blacke
Herfe.

Still mayst thou live: and still be honored
For that rare Worke, *The White Rose and the
Red.*

And *Drayton*, whose wel-written Tragedies,
And sweete Epistles, soare thy fame to skies.
Thy learned Name, is æquall with the rest;
Whose flatly Numbers are so well addrest.

And *Shakespeare* thou, whose hony-flowing
Vaine,

(Pleasing the World) thy Praises doth obtaine.
Whose *Venus* and whose *Lucrece* (sweete, and
chaste)

Thy Name in fames immortall Booke have
plac't.

Live ever you, at least in Fame live ever:
Well may the Body dye, but Fame dies
never.

Poems in Divers humors.

Trahit sua quemque voluptas. Virgil.

1598. [4to.]

JOHN MARSTON, 1598.



HALL, a hall,
 Roome for the spheres, the orbs
 celestiall
 Will daunce Kemps jigge; they' le revel with
 neate jumps;
 A worthy poet hath put on their pumps.
 * * * * *
 Lufcus, what's plaid to day? Faith now I
 know
 I fet thy lips abroach, from whence doth
 flowe
 Naught but pure Juliet and Romeo.
 Say who acts best? Drufus or Roscio?
 Now I have him, that nere of ought did speake
 But when of playes or players he did treat—
 Hath made a commonplace booke out of
 playes,
 And speaks in print: at least what ere he
 saies
 Is warranted by curtaine plaudities.
 If ere you heard him courting Lefbias eyes,
 Say (corteous fir), speakes he not movingly,
 From out some new pathetique tragedy?
 He writes, he railes, he jests, he courts (what
 not?)
 And all from out his huge long scraped flock
 Of well-penn'd Plays.

*The Scourge of Villanie. 1599. Satire 11.
 (Humeurs.)*

JOHN MARSTON, 1598.



MAN, a man, a kingdome for a man, !
 Why, how now, currish, man Athenian ?
 Thou Cynick dog, fee'st not the streets do
 swarme
 With troupes of men ?

*The Scourge of Villanie. 1599. Satire 7. (A
 Cynicke Satyre.)*

JOHN MARSTON, 1607.



A he mount[s] *Chirall* on the wings
of fame.

A horfe, a horfe, my kingdom for
a horfe,
Looke the I speake play scrappes.

What You Will. Act ii, Sc. 1. 1607. [4to.]

J. M., 1600.



HO hath a lovinge wife and loves
her not,
He is no better than a witleffe fotte;
Let such have wives to recompense their
merite,
Even Menelaus forked face inherite.
Is love in wives good, not in husbands too?
Why doe men sweare they love then when
they wooe?
It seemes tis true that W. S. faid,
When once he heard one courting of a
mayde,—
Beleeve not thou mens fayned flatteryes,
Lovers will tell a bushell-full of lyes!

*The Newe Metamorphosis, or a Feast of Fancie,
or Poeticall Legendes. 1600. [4to.]*

1600. *Circa.*

BUT ere I farre did goe
 I flunge y^e darts of wounding
 poetrie
 These two or three sharpe curfes backe.
 May he
 Be by his father in his study tooke,
 At Shakepeare's Playes instead of the L^d
 Cooke.

*A Poetical Revenge. From the manuscript
 collection of Clement Paman.*

*Printed in Notes and Queries, 2nd S., viii.
 285.*

JOHN MANNINGHAM, 1601.

HT our feast wee had a play called
 "Twelue Night, or What you Will,"
 much like the Commedy of Errores,
 or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and
 neere to that in Italian called *Inganni*. A
 good practife in it to make the Steward be-
 leeve his Lady widdowe was in love with
 him, by counterfeyting a letter as from his
 Lady in generall termes, telling him what shee
 liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture
 in siniling, his apparaile, &c., and then when
 he came to praetise making him beleeve they
 tooke him to be mad.

* * * *

Vpon a tyme when Burbidge played Richard
 III. there was a citizen grone soe farr in liking
 with him, that before shee went from the play
 shee appointed him to come that night unto
 hir by the name of Richard the Third. Shake-
 speare overhearing their conclusion went
 before, was intertained and at his game ere
 Burbidge came. Then message being brought
 that Richard the Third was at the dore,
 Shakespeare caused returne to be made that
 William the Conqueror was before Richard
 the Third. Shakespeare's name William.
 (*Mr. Touse?*)

*Diary of John Manningham, of the Middle
 Temple, and of Bradbourne, Kent, Bar-
 rister-at-Law, 1602-1603. Edited from
 the originall manuscript by John Bruce,
 Esq.*

1868. [4to.] p. 18 (Febr. 1601) and p. 39.

BEN JONSON, 1595-6.



TO make a child now fwaddled, to
 proceed
 Man, and then shoot up, in one
 beard and weed,
 Past threescore years; or, with three rusty
 fwords,
 And help of some few foot and half-foot
 words,
 Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
 And in the tiring-houfe bring wounds to scars.
 The rather prays you will be pleas'd to see
 One fuch to-day, as other plays shou'd be;
 Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,
 Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to
 please:

Every Man in his Humour. 1603. [4to.]
Prologue.

BEN JONSON, 1600.

MARRY, I will not do as Plautus in his *Amphytrio*, for all this, *summi Jovis causâ plaudite*; beg a plaudite for God's sake ; but if you, out of the bounty of your good-liking, will bestow it, why you may in time make lean Macilente as fat as Sir John Falstaff.

*Every Man out of his Humour. Act v,
scene 10. 1600. [4to.]*

W. J., 1601.



DARE here speake it, and my speach
mayntayne,
That Sir John Falstaffe was not any
way
More grosse in body, then you are in brayne.
But whether should I (helpe me nowe I pray)
For your grosse brayne, you like J. Falstaffe
graunt,
Or for small wit, suppose you John of Gaunt?

The Whipping of the Satyre. 1601. [12mo.
Sig. D. 3.]



NGENIOSO. What's thy judgment
of * * William Shakespeare.

Judicio. Who loves *Adonis* love, or *Lucre's*
rape,

His sweeter verse contains hart robbing life,
Could but a graver subject him content,
Without loves foolish lazy languishment.

* * * *

Kemp. Few of the university pen plaies
well, they smell too much of that writer *Ovid*,
and that writer *Metamorphosis*, and talke too
much of *Proserpina* & *Juppiter*. Why heres
our fellow *Shakespeare* puts them all downe,
I, and *Ben Jonson* too. O that *Ben Jonson*
is a pestilent fellow, he brought up *Horace*
giving the Poets a pill, but our fellow
Shakespeare hath given him a purge that
made him beray his credit:

Burbage. Its a shrewd fellow indeed:

* * * *

Bur. I like your face, and the proportion
of your body for *Richard* the 3. I pray, M.
Phil. let me see you act a little of it.

Philomusus. Now is the winter of our dif-
content,

Made glorious summer by the sonne of Yorke,

*The Returne from Pernaſſus ; or the Scourge
of Simony, publicly acted by the Students
in St. John's College in Cambridge. [in
1606.] Act i, ſc. 1 ; and Act iv, ſc. 5.
[Anon.] 1606. [4to.]*

I. C., 1603.



Of *Helens* rape and *Troyes* befeigned
Towne,
 Of *Troylus* faith, and *Creffids* falſitie,
 Of *Rychards* ſtratagems for the english crowne,
 Of *Tarquins* luſt, and *Lucrece* chaſtitie,
 Of theſe, of none of theſe my muſe now
 treates,
 Of greater conqueſts, warres and loves ſhe
 ſpeakes.

Saint Mary Magdalens Converſion. 1603.

[4^{to}.]

JOHN DAVIES OF HEREFORD, 1603.

* Stage plaiers.



OME followed her by
 *a^cting all mens parts,
 These on a stage she
 raif'd (in scorne) to fall;
 And made them Mirrors, by their
 a^cting Arts,

† Shewing the
vices of the time.

Wherin men saw their† faults,
 though ne'r so small:

‡ W.S.R.B.

Yet some she guerdond not, to
 their‡ defarts;

But, other some, were but ill-
 A^ction all:

Who while they a^cted ill, ill staid
 behinde,

(By custome of their maners,) in
 their minde.

The Civile Warres of Death and Fortune.

1603. [sm. 8vo.]

JOHN DAVIES OF HEREFORD, 1603.



LAYERS, I love yee, and
your *Qualitie*,
As ye are Men, *that* pafs
time not abus'd:

^c W. S. R. is.
^d Simonides
saith, that paint-
ing is a dumb
Poesy, & Poe-
sy a speaking
painting.

And ^csome I love for ^d*painting*,
poesie,

And fay fell *Fortune* cannot be
excus'd,

That hath for better *uses* you
refus'd:

*Wit, Courage, good shape, good
partes*, and all *good*,

As long as al these *goods* are no
worfe us'd,

And though the *stage* doth flaine
pure gentle *bloud*,

^e Roscius was
said for his ex-
celiency in his
qualitie, to be
only worthie
to come on
the stage, and
for his bone-
sty to be more
worthy then to
come thereon.

Yet ^egenerous yee are in *minde*
and moode.

*Microcosmos. The Discovery of the Little
World, with the Government thereof.*

MANILIUS.

*An mirum est habitare Deum sub pectore nostro?
Exemplumq; Dei quisq; est sub imagine parvæ.*

1603. [4to. p. 215. Ff. 3.]

JOHN DAVIES OF HEREFORD, 1610.

To our English Terence, Mr. Will.
 • Shake-speare.

SOME say (good Will) which I, in
 sport, do sing,
 Had'st thou not plaid some Kingly
 parts in sport,
 Thou hadst bin a companion for a king;
 And, beene a King among the meaner sort.
 Some others raile; but, raile as they thinke fit
 Thou hast no rayling, but a rainging wit:
And honesty thou sow'st, which they do
reape;
So, to increase their stocke which they do
keepe.

*The Scourge of Folly, consisting of Satyricall
 Epigramms and others, &c. 1611. [8vo.]*

JOHN DAVIES OF HEREFORD, 1610.

ANOTHER, (ah, Lord helpe) mee
vilifies
With Art of Love and how to
fubtilize

Making lewd *Venus*, with eternall Lines,
To tye *Adonis* to her loves designs:
Fine wit is shew'n therein: but finer 'twere
If not attired in such a bawdy Geare.
But be it as it will: the coyest Dames,
In private reade it for their Cloffet-games:
For, sooth to say, the lines so draw them on
To the venerian speculation,
That will they, nill they (if of flesh they bee),
They will think of it, *fi*th loose thought is
free.

*A Scourge for Paper-Persecutors, or
Papers Complaint, compil'd in truthfull Rimes
Against the paper-spoilers of these Times.*

1611. [4to.]

SIR WALTER COPE, 1604.

Sir,



HAVE sent and bene all thys morning huntynge for players Juglers & Such kinde of Creaturs but fynde them harde to finde, wherfore Leavinge notes for them to seeke me, burbage ys come, & Sayes ther ys no new playe that the quene hath not seene, but they have Revyved an olde one, Cawled *Loves Labore lost*, which for wytt & mirthe he fayer will please her exceedingly. And Thys ys apointed to be playd to Morowe night at my Lord of Sowthamptons, unless yow send a wrytt to Remove the Corpus Cum Causa to your howse in strande. Burbage ys my messenger Ready attendyng your pleasure.

Yours most humbly,

WALTER COPE.

Letter dated "From your Library," written by Sir Walter Cope, addressed "To the right honorable the Lorde Vycount Cranborne at the Courte."

[Endorsed: 1604, Sir Walter Cope to my Lord.]

Third Report of the Royal Commission of Historical Manuscripts. 1872. p. 148.

ANTHONY SCOLOKER, 1604.

IT should be like the *Never-too-well*
read Arcadia, where the *Prose* and
Verce (*Matter* and *Words*) are like
 his *Mistresses* eyes, one still excelling another
 and without *Corivall*: or to come home to
 the vulgars *Element*, like *Friendly Shake*
speare's Tragedies, where the *Commedian*
 rides, when the *Tragedian* stands on Tip-toe:
 Faith it should please all, like Prince *Hamlet*.
 But in sadnesse, then it were to be feared
 he would runne mad: Infooth I will not be
 moone-ficke, to please: nor out of my wits
 though I displeased all.

Daiphantus or the Passions of Love. 1604.
 [4to.]

WILLIAM CAMDEN, 1605.



THESE may suffice for some Poeticall descriptions of our ancient Poets; if I would come to our time, what a world could I present to you out of Sir *Philip Sidney*, *Ed. Spencer*, *John Owen*, *Samuel Daniel*, *Hugh Holland*, *Ben. Johnson*, *Thomas Champion*, *Mich. Drayton*, *George Chapman*, *John Marston*, *William Shakespeare*, and other most pregnant wits of these our times, whom succeeding ages may justly admire.

Remaines concerning Britaine. 1605. [4to.]
 • (Poems.)

1606. *Circa.*



ET thee to London, for, if one man were dead, they will have much need of such as thou art: there would be none in my opinion fitter than thyself to play his parts. My conceit is such of thee, that I durst all the money in my purse on thy head to play Hamlet with him for a wager. * * * When thou feelest thy purse well lined, buy thee some place of lordship in the country, that growing weary of playing, thy money may there bring thee to high dignity and reputation * * * for, I have heard indeed of some that have gone to London very meanly, and have come in time to be exceedingly wealthy. •

*Ratfeis Ghost, or the Second Part of his madde
Prankes and Robberies. [n.d. 4to.]*

GEORGE PEELE, 1607.

How he served a Tapster.



GEORGE was making merry with three or foure of his friends in Pye-corner ; where the Tapster of the house was much given to Poetrie ; for he had ingrossed The Knight of the Sunne, *Venus* and *Adonis*, and other Pamphlets which the Stripling had collected together ;

Merrie Conceited Jests of George Peele: 1607.
[1627, p. 27.]

WILLIAM BARKSTEAD, 1607.

BUT stay my muse! in thine owne
 confines keepe,
 & wage not warre with so deere
 lov'd a neighbor.

But having fung thy day song rest and sleepe
 preserve thy small fame and his greater
 favor:

His song was worthie merrit (*Shakspeare* hee)
 sung the faire blossome, thou the withered
 tree

Laurell is due to him, his art and wit
 hath purchast it, *Cypres* thy brow will fit.

*Mirrha, the Mother of Adonis; or Lustes
 Prodigies. 1607. [4to. Last verse.]*

LEWIS MACHIN, 1608.



VELOURS. This is his chamber,
let's enter, here's his clerk.

Precedent. *Fondling, said she, since
I have hemm'd thee here,
Within the circuit of this ivory pale.*

Drap. I pray you, sir, help us to the speech
of your master.

Precedent. *I'll be a park, and thou shalt
be my deer :*

He is very busy in his study.

Feed where thou wilt, in mountain or in dale ;

Stay awhile, he will come out anon.

*Graze on my lips, and when those mounts are
dry,*

Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

Go thy way, thou best book in the world !

Velours. I pray you, sir, what book do
you read ?

Precedent. A book that never an orator's
clerk in this kingdom but is beholden unto ;
it is called Maid's Philosophy, or *Venus and
Adonis*. Look you, gentlemen, I have divers
other pretty books.

Drap. You are very well stor'd, sir ; but I
hope your master will not stay long.

Precedent. No, he will come presently.

Enter Merchant.

Velours. Whom have we here? another client sure, crows flock to carcasses: O 'tis the lord Merchant.

Merchant. Save you, gentlemen; fir, is your master at any leifure?

Precedent. *Here, sit thee down where never
serpent hisses,
And being fet, I'll smother thee with kisses.*
His busineses yet are many, you must needs attend a while.

The Dumb Knight. 1608. [4to.]

THOMAS HEYWOOD, 1607.

BOWDLER. Why then, have at her!
 “Fondling, I say, since I have hemm’d
 thee here,

Within the circle of this ivory pale,
 I’ll be a park ——”

Moll. Hands off, fond Sir!

Bowdler. ——“and thou shalt be my deer.

Feed thou on me, and I will feed on thee;
 And love shall feed us both.”

Moll. Feed you on woodcocks; I can fast
 awhile.

Bowdler. “Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight
 thy steed.”

Cripple. Take heed, she’s not on horseback.

Bowdler. Why, then she is alighted.

“Come, sit thee down, where never serpent
 hisses;

And, being set, I’ll smother thee with kisses.”

The Fair Maid of the Exchange. 1607. [410.]

THOMAS HEYWOOD, 1612.



HERE likewise, I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done me in that worke, by taking the two Epistles of Paris to Helen, and Helen to Paris, and printing them in a lesse volume, under the name of another, which may put the world in opinion I might steale them from him; and hee, to doe himselfe right, hath since published them in his owne name: but as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath published them, so the author I know much offended with M. Jaggard that (altogether unknowne to him) presumed to make so bold with his name.

Apology for Actors. 1612. Epistle "to my approved friend, Mr. Nicholas Okes."

THOMAS THORPE, 1609.

TO . THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF .
 THESE . INSVING . SONNETS .
 M^r. W. H. ALL . HAPPINESSE .
 AND . THAT . ETERNITIE .
 P R O M I S E D .
 BY .
 OVR . EVER-LIVING POET .
 WISHETH .
 THE . WELL-WISHING .
 ADVENTVRER . IN .
 S E T T I N G .
 FORTH .

T. T.

Shakespeare's Sonnets. 1609. [4to.] *Dedication.*

1609.


A never Writer to an ever Reader. NEWES.

TERNALL reader, you have heere a new play, never flal'd with the Stage, never clapper-clawd with the palmes of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a book of your braine, that never undertooke any ^[his] thing commicall vainely: and were but the vaine names of Commedies changde for the titles of commodities, or of Playes for Pleas, you should see all those grand censurs, that now file them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities; especially this author's Commedies, that are so grain'd ^[limn'd] to the life, that they serve for the most common Commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dexteritie and power of witte, that the most displeased with Playes are pleas'd with his Commedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a Commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there that they never found in themselves, and have parted better-witted than they came; feeling an edge of witte fet upon them, more then ever

they dream'd they had braine to ground it on. So much and such favoured falt of witte is in his Commedies, that they seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in that fea that brought forth Venus. Amongst^[Venus & Adonis] all there is none more witty then this : And had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you thinke your testerne well bestowed) but for so much worth, as even poore I know to be stuf in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best Commedie in Terence or Plautus. And beleve this, that when hee is gone, and his Commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English Inquisition. Take this for a warning, and, at the perrill of your pleasure's losse, and Judgments, refuse not, nor like this the lesse for not being fullied with the smoaky breath of the multitude ; but thanke fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you. Since by the grand possessors wills, I beleve, you should have prayd for them rather then been prayd. And so I leave all such to bee prayd for (for the flates of their wits healths) that will not praise it.—VALE.

Address prefixed to some copies of Troilus and Cressida. 1609. [First 4to.]

1609.


 MAZ'D I flood, to see a crowd
 Of civil throats stretched out so loud;
 As at a new play all the rooms
 Did swarm with gentles mixt with grooms,
 So that I truly thought all these
 Came to see Shore or Pericles.

*Pimlyco or Run Red-cap. 'Tis a mad world
 at Hogsdon. 1609. [4to.]*

HANS JACOB WURMSSER VON
VENDENHEYM, APRIL 30, 1610.



E. alla au Globe, lieu ordinaire ou
l'on joue les Commedies ; y fut
representé l'histoire du More de
Venife.

*Manuscript Journal of His Excellency Louis
Frederic, Duke of Wurtemberg-Mumpel-
gard : Representative of the United German
Princes to England, &c., in 1610. (In
the British Museum.)*

*See Staunton's Edition of Shakespeare, 1860 :
Vol. I, p. 689, & Rye's England as seen
by Foreigners. 1865. pp. cxii, & 61.*

JOHN WEBSTER, 1612.

DETRACTION is the sworne friend
 to ignorance: for mine owne part,
 I have ever truly cherisht my good
 opinion of other mens worthy labours, especially of that full and hightned file of
 maister CHAPMAN, the labor'd and understanding workes of maister Johnson, the no
 lesse worthy composures of the both worthily
 excellent maister Beaumont and maister
 Fletcher; and lastly (without wrong last to
 be named), the right happy and copious
 industry of m. Shake-speare, m. Decker, and
 m. Heywood, wishing what I write may be
 read by their light: protesting that, in the
 strength of mine owne judgement, I know
 them so worthy, that though I rest silent in
 my own worke, yet to most of theirs I dare
 (without flattery) fix that of Martial,
 —non norunt Hæc monumenta mori.

The White Devil; or Vittoria Corombona.
 1612. [4to.] *Dedication (last paragraph.)*

[JOSEPH FLETCHER], 1613.



He di'd indeed not as an actor dies
To die to day, and live again to
morrow,

In shew to please the audience, or disguise
The idle habit of inforced sorrow :

The crosse His stage was, and He plaid
the part

Of one that for his friend did pawne his
heart.

His heart he pawn'd, and yet not for His
friend,

For who was friend to Him, or who did love
Him ?

But to His deadly foe ; He did extend [for]
His dearest blood to them that did reprove
Him,


For such as tooke His life from Him, He
gave

Such life, as by His life they could not
have.

*Christ's Bloodie Sweat, or the Sonne of God
in His Agonie. 1613. [4to.] (Dedicated
to William Herbert, third Earl of Pem-
broke.)*

*Reprinted by the Rev. A. B. Grosart. 1869.
p. 177.*

BEN JONSON, 1614.

 F there be never a servant-monster in the fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of antiques ! he is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget tales, tempests, and such like drolleries, to mix his head with other men's heels ;

Bartholomew Fair. 1614. [4to.] *Induction.*

THOMAS FREEMAN, 1614.

To Master William Shakespeare.



SHAKESPEARE, that nimble
Mercury thy braine,
 Lulls many hundred *Argus*-eyes
 asleepe.

So fit, for so thou fashioneſt thy vaine,
 At th' *horſe-foote* fountain thou haſt drunk
 full deepe,

Vertues or vice the theame to thee all one is:
 Who loves chaſte life, there's *Lucrece* for a
 teacher :

Who liſt read luſt there's *Venus* and *Adonis*,
 True model of the moſt laſcivious leatcher.

Befides in plaies thy wit winds like *Meander*:
 When needy new-compoſers borrow [Whence]
 more

Thence *Terence* doth from *Plautus* or [Then]
Menander.

But to praife thee aright I want thy ſtore :

Then let thine owne works thine owne
 worth upraife

And help t' adorn thee with deſerved
Baies.

Runne and a Great Caſt. 1614. [4to.]

Epigram 92.

The Second Bowle.

Horat. *Jocum tantavit ès quidd*

*Illecebris erat et grata novitate mo-
 randus Lector.*

(The ſecond part of *Rubbe and a Great Caſt.*
 1614.)

ROBERT TAYLOR, 1614.



AND if it prove so happy as to please,
We'll say 'tis fortunate like Pericles.

The Hog hath lost his Pearl. 1614. [4to.]
Prologue.

C[HRISTOPHER] B[ROOKE], 1614.

MY tongue in fire dragons' spleene I
 sleepe,
 That acts, with accents, cruelty may
 found ;

(Part 1. St. viii.)

To him that impt my fame with Clío's quill,
 Whose magick raif'd me from oblivion's den ;
 That writ my storie on the Muses hill,
 And with my actions dignifi'd his pen :
 He that from Helicon fends many a rill,
 Whose nectared veines, are drunke by thirstie
 men ;

Crown'd be his stile with fame, his head
 with bayes ;

And none detract, but gratulate his praise.

(Part 2. St. i.)

My working head (my counsell's consistory)
 Debates how I might raigne, the princes living:
 (Ibid. St. xxvi.)

The devlish fury in my brest extends,
 In spite of danger and all opposite barrs ;
 To cut this knot the mistick fates conteyne,
 And set my life and kingdome on this
 mayne. [cast]

(Part 3. St. xxxviii.)

*The Ghost of Richard the Third.
 Expressing himselfe in these three Parts.*

1. *His Character* 2. *His Legend* 3. *His Tragedie*
Containing more of him than hath been heretofore
shewed: either in Chronicles, Playes, or Poems.
Laurea Desidiæ præbetur nulla. 1614. [4to.]

RICHARD BRATHWAITE, 1615.



I F I had liv'd but in King Richard's
days,
Who in his heat of passion, midst
the force
Of his Affailants troubled many waies,
Crying A horſe, a kingdome for a horſe,
O! then my horſe, which now at livery ſtayes,
Had beene ſet free, where now he's forc't to
ſtand,
And like to fall into the Oſler's hand.

*A Strappado for the Divell. Epigrams and
Satyres alluding to the time, with divers
measures of no leſſe delight. (Upon a Poets
Palfrey.) 1615. [8vo.] Quoted by Mr.
J. P. Collier in his "Bibliographical and
Critical Account," vol. 1, p. 76.*

1615.

A Purveiour of Tobacco.



ALL him a Broker of Tobacco, he
scornes the title, hee had rather be
tearmed a cogging Merchant. Sir
John Falstaffe robb'd with a bottle of Sacke ;
so doth hee take mens purfes, with a wicked
roule of Tobacco at his girdle.

*New and choice characters: of severall authors,
with the Wife written by Syr Thomas Over-
burie. 1615. (Penultimate page.)*

APRIL 25, 1616.

GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE,
 TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOSED HEARE :
 BLESTE BE ^rY MAN ^rY SPARES THES STONES,
 AND CYRST BE HE ^tY MOVES MY BONES.

*Inscription on the Tablet over Shakespeare's
 Grave.*

Elucidations
TO
THE FIRST PERIOD
OF
SHAKESPEARE'S CENTURIE OF PRAYSE.



ELUCIDATIONS.

—o—

PAGES 1-2.

That Shakespeare was the "upstart crow," and one of the purloiners of Greene's plumes, is put beyond a doubt by the following considerations :
(1) That there was no such a word as *Shake-scene* (i.e., a tragedian : c.f. Ben Jonson's lines,

to heare thy Bufkin tread,
And shake a Stage :)

(2) That the line in italics is a parody on one which is found in *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, 1595, and also in Shakespeare's *Henry VI*, Part III, act i, sc. 4, viz. .

Oh Tygers hart wrapt in a womans hide.

(3) That Marlowe and Robert Greene were (probably) the joint authors of *The two Parts of the Contention* and of *The True Tragedie*, which furnish Parts II & III of *Henry VI* with their *prima stamina*, and a considerable number of their lines.

Shakespeare, as the "upstart crow," seems to be one of those alluded to by "R. B. Gent." in *Greene's Funeralls*, 1594 [4to], where he writes :

Greene gave the ground, to all that went before him
Nay, more the men that fo eclipt his fame
Purloynde his plumes ; can they deny the fame ?

The strange terms huddled upon the players by poor Greene are paralleled by what we find in other works of the time: *e. g.*,

"Out on these puppets, painted images," &c.

The Scourge of Villanie, by Thos. Heywood.
Sat. VII.

"more like Players, Butterflies, Baboons, Apes, Anticks,
than men."

Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1621 [4to].
(Ed. 1676, p. 295.) P. 3, sec. 2, memb. 3,
subs. 3.

As to the extract from *The Goat's-worth of Wit*, knowing no edition earlier than that of 1596, we have followed the text of that. A copy is in the library of Mr. Henry Huth. The British Museum Library has a copy of the edition of 1617. The two copies in the Bodleian Library are of the editions of 1621 and 1629, the former of which, by a very common error of the press, reads "Tygres head," instead of "Tygers } heart."

or Tygres }

PAGE 4.

It is probable that Chettle had more rhyme than reason in calling Shakespeare Melicert. No allusion could have been intended to the story of Palæmon.

PAGE 5.

A mournfull Dittie, &c. The author unknown. The Green mentioned here is Thomas Green, not the more famous Robert. This ballad is included by Mr. W. Christie-Miller in his List of Black-Letter Ballads and Broad-sides, known as the Heber Collection, 1553-1601. It was first published by Mr. J. P. Collier in his Edition of Shakespeare, 1844, vol. i, p. cxciv, note.

PAGES 6-7.

It is hardly possible to follow the paper-war waged between Thomas Nashe and Gabriel Harvey without arriving at the conclusion that the latter is here signalling the rise of Shakespeare as poet and dramatist. If this conclusion be correct, Gabriel Harvey was the first writer who recognized the poetic excellence of our great bard: in fact, the only one who betrays the least consciousness of Shakespeare's singular genius. If the lines of John Davies of Hereford, which we have given among our *Supplementary Extracts*, be held to apply to Shakespeare (and that is Mr. Gerald Massey's view, not ours), the worthy Puritan will be the second writer who discerned Shakespeare's greatness. But, on the other hand, we sometimes find the most extravagant contemporary praise bestowed upon mere poetasters.

PAGE 10.

That Spenser's stanza on Aetion really refers to Shakespeare is established by the fact that no other heroic poet (*i. e.*, historical dramatist, or chronicler in heroic verse) had a surname of heroic sound. Jonson, Fuller, and Bancroft have similar allusions to our bard's warlike name. Mr. J. O. Phillipps (Halliwell) remarks that "the lines [of Spenser] seem to apply with equal propriety to Warner": (*Life of Shakespeare*: 1848: p. 142.) But Warner is not an heroic but a premonitory name.

Malone's two attempts (Ed. 1821, vol. ii, p. 274) to explain the meaning of Aetion are equally unfortunate. He seems not to have known that *'Αετίων* was a Greek proper name, borne, in fact, by the father of Cypselus of Corinth, and by two famous artists. It should be written Aëtion, and pronounced

(like Tiresias in Milton) with accents on the first and last syllables. Its root is surely *æroç*, an eagle; and is, therefore, appropriate to one of "high thoughts" and heroic invention.

PAGES 12-17.

Henry Willobie's W. S. is referred to Shakespeare on two distinct grounds: (1) Because W. S. appears in this "imaginary conversation" as a standard authority on Love; and assuredly Shakespeare was *the* amatory poet of the day, and, to judge by his Sonnets, "had tried the curtesy of the like passion," and had come unscathed out of the ordeal; (2) Because it is said that this W. S. "in vewing the course of this loving Comedy determined to see whether it would sort to a happier end *for this new actor, then it did for the old player*," with other theatrical imagery specially applicable to a player and dramatist. Assuredly, no other contemporary poet of the same initials, whether lyricist or dramatist (and five or six might be named), had any claim to this distinction.

PAGE 18.

This *Epiccedium* is of unknown authorship. The lines—

"You that have writ of chaste Lucretia,
Whose death was witness of her spotless life:"

seem to refer to Shakespeare's poem. The line—

"Hither unto your home direct your eyes"

recalls two lines in *Lycidas*; where, by the way, Milton implicitly compares Lycidas with Melicert (Palæmon), invoking the dolphins to waft his body into port.

In Brydges' *Restituta* this poem is subscribed W. Har. We have adopted a conjecture of Mr. W. B. Rye, that these letters stand for Sir William Harbert.

PAGE 19.

This passage from Drayton's *Matilda* is only in the first edition, that of 1594. Shakespeare's *Rape of Lucrece* was published in that year. Heywood's drama, so named, did not appear till 1608. The second line seems to imply a dramatic representation: and, in confirmation of this view, we find almost the same words in Drayton's *Mistress Shore to Ed. V*:

Or passionate Tragedian, in his rage
Acting a Love-sick Passion on the Stage.

PAGE 20.

On the Grenville copy of *Polimanteia*, 1592, Sig. R. 2, is a pencil note, in the well-known handwriting of Mr. J. P. Collier, which runs thus: "Q if the notice of Shakespeare in this book be not the oldest known." This query must have been long ago answered in the negative by the querist himself. Mr. C. Elliot Browne, in a note on the side-note (*Notes and Queries*, 4th S. xi. 378), falls into the same error. Shakespeare's *name* occurs in a work printed in 1594. The construction of the side-note is not (as Mr. Halliwell read it in his *Life of Shakespeare*: 1848: p. 159) that "all praise worthy Lucretia [of] sweet Shakespeare," but that "All-praiseworthy [is the] Lucretia [of] sweet Shakespeare." In fact the epithet is used just above of Du Bartas; and Spenser applies it to nine of his heroines in *Colin Clout's come home again*. Mr. C. E. Browne would also identify "Watson's heyre" with "Sweet Shakespeare," and give him "Wanton Adonis," as well as "Lucretia." Others contend that the "heyre" was Henry Constable. Probably, it was on the strength of this side-note that the

late Rev. N. J. Halpin arrived at the rather hazardous conclusion that Shakespeare was a member of "one (or perhaps more) of the English Universities." See his *Dramatic Unities of Shakespeare*, 1849, p. 12, *note*.

PAGE 22.

The Editor is indebted to Mr. J. O. Phillipps for this curious epigram, which was overlooked by Malone's continuator; and had it been received in time, it would have immediately followed *A Mourneful Dittie* (ante p. 5) to which it refers. Malone saw in this epigram an allusion to *Englandes Mourning Garment*. Though the last, strictly speaking, was "*Anon.*" (ante p. 4), yet the name of "Hen: Chetle" concludes the postscript to *The Order and Proceeding of the Funerall*, printed with and after *Englandes Mourning Garment*.

PAGE 25-27.

Of these extracts from Mere's *Palladis Tamia*, the second has been repeated *ad nauseam*, while the other five have been usually ignored. One matter of interest in the second extract is the mention of a play by Shakespeare under the name of *Love Labours Wonne*. If this be a superseded or an alternative name for one of those included in our "canon," it is important to identify it, as affording some addition to the scanty evidences on which we have to determine the chronological order of the plays. Farmer identified *Love Labours Wonne* with *All's well that ends well*; and his dictum has been acquiesced in by all the critics save two. The Rev. Joseph Hunter gave the preference to *The Tempest*, which, for his purpose had to be ante-dated some ten or a dozen years; and Mr. A. E. Brae, in his *Collier, Coleridge and Shakespeare*, advocates the claims of *Much ado about Nothing*. But as that play was entered on the Stationers' Books on August 23, 1600, Meres could hardly have

referred to it. The language of the first extract from Meres recalls two lines in that magnificent eulogy of Poetry, which we believe to be one of Shakespeare's contributions to Ben Jonson's plays. (See our *Supplementary Extracts*.)

But view her in her glorious ornaments,
Attired in the majestie of arte, &c.

PAGE 30.

The first extract from the eleventh Satire of *The Scourge of Villanie* is a parody on two lines in *Romeo and Juliet*.

Capulet. A hall! a hall! give room and foot it girls.
More light ye knaves.

"Kemp's jigge" was one of those diversions, of combined singing and dancing, which were invented and performed by him. (See Dyce's Introduction to Kemp's *Nine days wonder*, p. xx, and Collier's *Memoirs of Actors*, pp. 100—102.) The "worthy poet" was Sir John Davies, the author of *Orchestra or a Poeme on Dauncing*, 1596.

PAGE 31.

The first line in the seventh satire of *The Scourge of Villanie* is a parody on the well-known line in Shakespeare's *King Richard III*, literally quoted by Marston in his *What you Will*. (See p. 32, l. 3, and p. 66, l. 5.) Marston also parodies the same line in his *Parasitaster*, 1606:

A foole, a foole, my coxcombe for a foole!
where, too, we find another line taken almost literally from *Richard III*, act i, sc. 1:

Plots ha' you laid, inductions dangerous.

PAGE 30.

In the eleventh satire of *The Scourge of Villanie*, "Drusus" is Shakespeare, and "Roscio" is the *sobriquet* of Burbage. This fact convinces Mr.

Gerald Massey that John Davies' epigram entitled *Drusus his deere Deere-hunting* (No. 50 in *The Scourge of Folly*) was meant to allude to Shakespeare's *escapade* at Charlecote or Fulbroke. To help his case, however, Mr. Massey has to omit the epigram and to alter its title. (*The Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets unfolded*, 1872: Supplemental Chapter, p. 40.)

Shakespeare was called Drusus (by Marston) probably on account of his handsome presence and courtly manners, after Nero Claudius Drusus, a younger brother of the Emperor Tiberius. This virtuous prince is described as "free from reserve;" and it is said that "the noble courtesy of his manners was set off by singular beauty of person and dignity of form. He possessed in a high degree the winning quality of always exhibiting towards his friends an even and consistent demeanour, without capricious alternations of familiarity and distance." (See Dr. William Smith's *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography*, s. n., where we are referred to Tac. Ann. vi, 51; & Vell. Pat. iv, 97.)

PAGE 33.

This W. S. must stand for a name which gives two trochees (like Willīam Shākespeāre), and is, probably, identical with the W. S. in *Willobie his Avis*, p. 14. It is not wonderful that the concluding couplet is not found in Shakespeare's works, seeing that it is quoted as a conversational impromptu.

PAGE 35.

Mr. J. P. Collier identifies this Italian play with *Glinganni Comedia del Signor N. S.*, &c., 1582. See his *Further Particulars*, 1839, p. 11.

As to the second extract from Manningham's *Diary*, if the lady-citizen had such good taste as to

entertain Shakespeare in lieu of Burbage, *honi soit qui mal y pense*; for what she is represented as doing was in accordance with the customs of the day. We read in *Micro-cosmographie*, 1628, p. 21 (*A Player*):

"The waiting women Spectators are over-earres in love with him, and Ladies fend for him to act in their Chambers."

The "game" referred to by Manningham *need* have been nothing worse than a play-scene. The story is given on the authority of "*Mr. Curle*," i. e., the Mr. E. Curle whom Manningham so often cites. But the name has been tampered with, to make it appear *Toole* (or *Tooly*, the actor). A dark line has been drawn over the top of the C, to suggest a T; and similar touches are seen in the two succeeding letters. Accordingly Mr. J. P. Collier (*Annals of the Stage*, &c., I, 332, note) gives the name as *Tooly*. Mr. John Bruce reading the name so touched up, gives it as *Toufe*, a name which does occasionally occur in the *Diary*. He again mistakes the name on the next page.

The same story, in a somewhat different shape, is quoted by Mr. Halliwell from the Saunders Manuscript. (*Life of Shakespeare*, 1848, p. 196-7, note.)

PAGE 36.

In the passage from *Every Man in his Humour* the allusions are to Shakespeare's *Henry V* and *Henry VI*.

PAGE 37.

In that from *Every Man out of his Humour* the allusion is to Shakespeare's *Henry IV*.

PAGE 38.

Mr. J. P. Collier (*New Particulars*, &c., 1836, p. 68) remarks on this allusion, "'Small wit' means here *weak understanding*, which certainly is not a characteristic of Shakespeare's John of Gaunt." But W. J. does not make "small wit" a characteristic of

John of Gaunt, any more than he makes "gross brain" a characteristic of Sir John Falstaffe. All he does is, with a humorous pun on *gross*, to suppose a fanciful proportion between the body and the mind.

PAGE 39-40.

Judicio's censure on Shakespeare's Poems is reiterated by John Davies of Hereford: see pp. 39 & 44; and justified by Peele, Machin, Heywood, and Freeman: see pp. 49, 51-53 and 63.

If we except such anthologies as *England's Parnassus*, *England's Helicon*, and *Belvédère*, all issued in 1600, we may venture on the assertion that these two lines from *Richard III* constitute the earliest known quotation from Shakespeare. Marston, Machin, and Heywood are all a few years later. (See pp. 38 and 54-6.)

The passage, "O that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow; he brought up Horace, giving the poets a pill;" alludes to Jonson's *Poetaster*, act v, sc. 1 (1601). (See our *Supplementary Extracts*.) The subsequent remark, "but our fellow Shakespeare hath given him a purge, that made him beray his credit," is mysterious. Where did our bard put Jonson to his purgation? Assuredly neither Stephano nor Malvolio could have been a caricature of Jonson, who was neither a sot nor a gull.

Two editions of *The Returne from Parnassus* were published in 1606. We have followed the text of the second: the first omits the word "lazy."

PAGES 41 & 42.

Just as Drusus and Roscio are associated by Marston, so here we find W. S. and R. B. in company; and the text of both passages is sufficiently explicit to show whom Davies had in mind. Possibly, too, in the former he had been thinking of Hamlet's description of the player's vocation.

PAGE 43.

The commencing lines may refer to a fact related in a letter from Chamberlaine to Winwood, dated December 18, 1604.

"The Tragedy of *Gowry*, with all the Action and Acters hath been twice represented by the King's Players, with exceeding Concourse of all sorts of People. But whether the matter or manner be not well handled, or that it be thought unfit that Princes should be played on the Stage in their Life-time, I hear that some great Councillors are much displeased with it, and fo 'tis thought shall be forbidden." (Winwood's *Memorials*, 1725, ii, 41.)

PAGE 44.

The first line here quoted is thus given by Drake in his *Shakespeare and his Times*, vol. ii, p. 30:

Another (ah, harde happe) me vilifies
With art of love, &c.

PAGE 48.

In the Second Part of *Ratsey's Ghost*, too, we find Burbage and Shakespeare associated, as they were by Marston and by Davies: "if one man were dead" identifies the former; while, "some that have gone to London," &c., unmistakably points to the latter. The First Part of *Ratsey's Ghost* is not extant.

PAGES 51-53.

Heywood is quoting stanzas 39th and 3rd of *Venus and Adonis*; but the lines—

Feed thou on me, and I will feed on thee,
And love shall feed us both,

are not Shakespeare's, but Heywood's parody; and "Come, sit thee down," is an error for "Here come and sit." Machin also is quoting stanzas 39th and 3rd; and he also misquotes from both: "on dale" should have been "in dale," "when those

mounts are" should have been "if those hills be," and "Here sit thee down," is inaccurate. That Shakespeare may have disseminated a first draft of his poem, differing from that known to us, is, perhaps, countenanced by the *varia lectiones* in the old copies of Shakespeare's Poems: especially considering that we know one stanza of the *Rape of Lucrece* (quoted in the *Second Period*, p. 154) which is not only different, but in a different measure from ours,

PAGE 54.

Heywood here refers to W. Jaggard's second edition, called the third, (1612), of the *Passionate Pilgrim*.

PAGE 55.

The entry of this edition of the Sonnets in the Stationers' Registers runs thus:

2nd May, 1609.

Tho. Thorpe. A booke called Shakespeares Sonnets.

PAGE 58.

The play referred to under the name of "Shore" may be one by Henry Chettle and John Day, circa 1598, entitled *Jane Shore*. It is mentioned by Henslowe in his *Diary* (1603), Shakespeare Society's Edition, p. 251; by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* (1613):

"I was nere at one of thefe Playes as they say, before; but I should have seene *Jane Shore* once,"

and by Christopher Brooke in *The Ghost of Richard the Third (His Legend)*;

"But now her fame by a vild play doth grow;"

the play is not extant.

PAGE 59.

It is not improbable that "cosen garmombles" in the first quarto (1602) of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* (called "Cozen-Jermans" in other editions) is a direct reference to Count Mompelgard (in French Montbéliard), Duke of Wurtemberg, whose visit to the Globe Theatre is recorded by his secretary. In fact, Gar-momble is Mombel-gar by metathesis; and his designation of the Duke as "cosen" is an evident allusion to Queen Elizabeth's letters to him. In the play the plural "cosen garmombles" seems to be a generic term for the suite of the Duke. In the editor's opinion, Mr. W. B. Rye has perfectly identified the allusions in the *Introduction* of his capital work, *England as Seen by Foreigners*, 1865, p. lv; and a more interesting bit of Shakespearian illustration has never been recovered than the first visit of the Duke to London, Windsor, Maidenhead and Reading, in 1592.

PAGE 61.

This is perhaps the most curious allusion to a work of Shakespeare's made during his lifetime :

"the part
Of one that for his friend did pawn his heart"

was assuredly the part of Antonio, in the *Merchant of Venice*.

PAGE 62.

In the extract from the *Induction to Bartholomew Fair*, the mention of "a servant monster" recalls Caliban in Shakespeare's *Tempest*; and the expression "to mix his head with other men's heels" recalls a scene in that play where Trinculo takes refuge from the storm under Caliban's gabardine. There can be no doubt, then, that Jonson was alluding to the *Tempest*.

PAGE 65-66.

Besides the direct allusion to the play of *Richard III*, in Christopher Brooke's poem, there are several lines caught from Shakespeare's work. The three most striking are here given. The first refers to these lines in act v, sc. 3 :

Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!

The second refers to a line in act ii, sc. 2 :

My other self, my counfel's confistory.

The third refers to these lines in act v, sc. 4 :

Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.

PAGE 67.

This curious passage is taken from the Edition of 1615, a copy of which has been recently acquired by the British Museum. The "characters" were then first added to Sir Thomas Overburie's *Wife*. It is not in the 7th edition, the first of the five which were published in 1616 : but it is in the Bodleian copy of that date. From 1616 to 1665 nine editions were published ; a copy of each is in the British Museum ; but the "Purveieur of Tobacco" does not occur in any of them.

PAGE 68.

The inscription on Shakespeare's grave-stone is feebly parodied in the Apology prefixed to Graves' *Spiritual Quixote*: (Ed. 1783. Vol. i, p. xi.)

CORRECTIONS.

- P. 8, l. 8, for "Steeven's" read *Steevens*.
P. 35, l. 28, for "*Touse*?" read *Curle*.
P. 36, l. 17, for "1603" read 1601.
P. 38, l. 10, for "suppofe" read *suppofe*.

SHAKESPEARE'S
CENTURIE OF PRAYSE.

SECOND PERIOD.

1617 — 1642.



1617—1622.


IVDICIO PYLIVM, GENIO SOCRATEM, ARTE
MARONEM,
TERRA TEGIT, POPVLVS MÆRET, OLVMPVS
HABET.

STAY PASSENGER, WHY GOEST THOU BY SO
FAST ?
READ IF THOV CANST, WHOM ENVIOVS DEATH
HATH PLAST,
WITH IN THIS MONVMENT SHAKSPEARE WITH
WHOME
QVICK NATVRE DIDE: WHOSE NAME DOTH
DECK ^s Y TOMBE
FAR MORE THEN COST: SIEH ALL, ^r Y HE ^[sixth]
HATH WRITT,
LEAVES LIVING ART, BVT PAGE, TO SERVE
HIS WITT.

OBIIT AÑO DO^r 1616
ÆTATIS, 53. DIE 23 AP.

*Inscriptions upon the Tablet under Shakespeare's
Bust, in the Chancel-north-wall of Stratford
Church.*

BEN JONSON, 1618.

E said *Shakefpear wanted Art, and sometimes Sense*; for, in one of his plays, he brought in a number of men, faying they had suffered Ship-wrack in Bohemia, where is no fea near by a 100 miles.

*Heads of a Conversation, etc. Sir Wm.
Drummond's Works: (Printed Selections).
1711. [Fo.]*

His censure of the English Poets was this.

* * * *

That Shakspeer wanted arte.

*Certain informations and maners of Ben.
Johnson's to W. Drummond. § III.
Shakespeare Society's Edition, 1842.*

EU. H[OOD], 1620.

On y^e death of y^e famous Actor R. Burbadge.



EE'S gon and with him what a world
are dead.

Oft have I seene him leape into a
grave

Suiting y^e perfon (w^{ch} hee us'd to have)
Of a mad lover, wth so true an eye,
That there I would have sworne hee meant to
dye.

Oft have I seene him play this part in jest
So lively, y^t spectators, and the rest
Of his crewes, whilst hee did but seeme to
bleed,
Amazed, thought hee had bene deade indeed.

*Gentleman's Magazine: June, 1825. Vol. 95.
Part 1, p. 498.*

WILLIAM BASSE, 1622. *circa.*

On Mr. William Shakespeare.

RENOWNED Spencer lie a thought
 more nigh
 To learned Beaumont, and rare
 Beaumont ly
 A little nearer Chaucer, to make rome
 For Shakespeare in your threhold, fourfold
 tombe.
 To lodge all fouer in one bed make a shifte
 Until Domes day, for hardly will [a] fite
 Betwixt this day and that by fate bee slaine,
 For whom the curtains shal bee drawne
 againe.
 But if Precedencie in death doe barre
 A fourth place in your facred Sepulcher,
 In this uncarved marble of thy owne,
 Sleepe, brave Tragedian, Shakespeare, sleepe
 alone ;
 Thy unmolested rest, unshared cave,
 Possesse as lord, not tenant, to thy grave,
 That unto others it may counted bee
 Honour hereafter to bee layed by thee.

*Manuscript Collection of Miscellaneous Poems,
 temp. Charles I: printed in Fennell's Shake-
 speare Repository. p. 10.
 Donne's Poems. 1633. [4to, omitting ll. 13
 and 14, and with many variations.]
 (Appended, with many alterations, to Shake-
 speare's Poems. 1640.)*

JOHN HEMINGE, }
HENRY CONDELL, } 1623.

Right Honourable.

WHILST we studie to be thankful in our particular, for the many favors we have received from your L. L. we are falne upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diuerſe things that can bee, feare, and raſhneſſe; raſhneſſe in the enterprize, and feare of the ſucceſſe. For, when we valew the places your H. H. ſuſtaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to deſcend to the reading of theſe trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we have depriv'd our ſelves of the defence of our Dedication. But ſince your L. L. have beene pleas'd to thinke theſe trifles ſome-thing, heertoſore; and have proſequuted both them, and their Authour living, with ſo much favour: we hope, that (they out-living him, and he not having the fate, common with ſome, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will uſe the like indulgence toward them, you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Booke chooſe his

Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, so much were your L. L. likings of the ferverall parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We have collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, & Fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed, no man to come neere your L. L. but with a kind of religious addresse; it hath bin the height of our care, who are the Presenters, to make the present worthy of your H. H. by the perfection. But, there we must also crave our abilities to be confiderd, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach foorth milke, creame, fruites, or what they have: and many Nations (we have heard) that had not gummes & incense, obtained their requests with a leavened Cake. It was no fault to approach their Gods, by what meanes they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remaines of your servant *Shakespeare*; that what delight is in them, may be ever your

L. L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if
any be committed, by a payre so carefull to
shew their gratitude both to the living, and
the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

*The Epistle Dedicatorie to William, Earle of
Pembroke & Philip, Earle of Montgomery.
(Prefixed to the First Folio Edition of
Shakespeare's Works.)*

JOHN HEMINGE, }
HENRIE CONDELL, } 1623.

To the great Variety of Readers.

FROM the most able, to him that can
but spell: There you are number'd.
We had rather you were weigh'd.
Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends upon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! it is now publique, & you wil stand for your priviledges wee know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde foever your braines be, or your wife-domes, make your licence the fame, and spare not. Judge your fixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, what ever you do, Buy. Censure will not drive a Trade, or make the Jacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at *Black-Friers*, or the *Cock-pit*, to arraigne Playes dailie, know, these Playes have had their triall already, and stood out all Appeales; and do now come forth quitted rather by a De-

cree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to have bene wished, that the Author himselfe had liv'd to have fet forth, and overseen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to have collect'd & publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diverse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that expos'd them: even those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived the. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse, that wee have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who onely gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him,

fully you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you ^[who] need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your selves, and others. And such Readers we wish him.

*Address prefixed to the First Folio Edition of
Shakespeare's Works.*

B[EN] J[ONSON], 1623.

To the Reader.



HIS Figure, that thou here seest put,
 It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
 Wherein the Graver had a strife
 with Nature, to out-doo the life:
 O, could he but have drawne his wit
 As well in brasse, as he hath hit
 His face; the Print would then surpasse
 All, that was ever writ in brasse.
 But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
 Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

*Facing Droeshout's portrait of Shakespeare
 prefixed to the First Folio Edition of his
 Works.*

BEN JONSON, 1623.

*To the memory of my beloved, the AUTHOR
MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:
and what he hath left us.*



O draw no envy (*Shakepeare*) on thy
name,

Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and

Fame :

While I confesse thy writings to be such,

As neither *Man*, nor *Muse*, can praise too
much.

'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these
wayes

Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise :
For feeliest Ignorance on these may light,

Which, when it sounds at best, but eccho's
right ;

Or blinde Affection, which doth ne're advance

The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by
chance ;

Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise,

And thinke to ruine, where it seem'd to
raise.

These are, as some infamous Baud, or Whore,

Should praise a Matron. What could hurt
her more ?

But thou art proove against them, and, indeed

Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.



I, therefore will begin. Soule of the Age!
 The applause ! delight ! the wonder of our
 Stage !

My *Shakespeare*, rise ; I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or *Spenser*, or bid *Beaumont* lye
 A little further, to make thee a roome :

Thou art a Monument, without a tombe,
 And art alive still, while thy Booke doth live,
 And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
 That I not mixe thee so, my braine excuses ;

I meane with great, but disproportion'd
Muses :

For, if I thought my judgement were of yeeres,
 I should commit thee surely with thy peeres,
 And tell, how farre thou didst our *Lily* out-
 shine,

Or sporting *Kid*, or *Marlowes* mighty line.
 And though thou hadst small *Latine*, and lesse
Greeke,

From thence to honour thee, I would not seeke
 For names ; but call forth thund'ring *Æschilus*,
Euripides, and *Sophocles* to us,
Paccuvius, *Accius*, him of *Cordova* dead,

To life againe, to heare thy Buskin tread,
 And shake a Stage : Or, when thy Sockes
 were on,

Leave thee alone, for the comparison
 Of all, that insolent *Greece*, or haughtie *Rome*
 sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.



Triúmph, my *Britaine*, thou haft one to
 showe,

To whom all Scenes of *Europe* homage owe.
 He was not of an age, but for all time!

And all the *Muses* still were in their prime,
 When like *Apollo* he came forth to warme

Our eares, or like a *Mercury* to charme!
 Nature her selfe was proud of his designs,
 And joy'd to weare the dressing of his
 lines!

Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.

The merry *Greeke*, tart *Aristophanes*,

Neat *Terence*, witty *Plautus*, now not please;
 But antiquated and deserted lye

As they were not of Natures family.

Yet must I not give Nature all: Thy Art,

My gentle *Shakespeare*, must enjoy a part.

For though the *Poets* matter, Nature be,

His Art doth give the fashion. And, that
 he,

Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
 (such as thine are) and strike the second
 heat

Upon the *Muses* anvil: turne the same,

(And himselfe with it) that he thinks to
 frame;

Or for the lawrell, he may gaine a scorne,

For a good *Poet's* made, as well as borne.



And such wert thou. Looke how the fathers
face

Lives in his issue, even so, the race
Of *Shakespeares* minde and manners brightly
shines

In his well torned, and true-fild lines :
In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance,
As brandish't at the eyes of Ignorance.


Sweet Swan of *Avon*! what a fight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appeare,
And make those flights upon the bankes of
Thames,

That so did take *Eliza*, and our *James*!
But stay, I see thee in the *Hemisphere*
Advanc'd, and made a Constellation there !
Shine forth, thou Starre of *Poets*, and with rage
Or influence, chide or cheere the drooping
Stage ;

Which, since thy flight frō hence, hath mourn'd
like night,
And despaire day, but for thy Volumes
light.

*Prefixed to the First Folio Edition of Shake-
speare's Works.*

BEN JONSON, 1625.

ROLOGUE. We ask no favour from you ; only we would entreat of madam Expectation——

Expect. What, master Prologue?

Pro. That your ladyship would expect no more than you understand.

Expect. Sir, I can expect enough.

Pro. I fear, too much, lady ; and teach others to do the like.

Expect. I can do that too, if I have cause.

Pro. Cry you mercy, *you never did wrong, but with just cause.*

The Staple of News. 1625. [4to.] Induction.

BEN JONSON, 1625 *circa*.

De Shakespeare
nostrat



REMEMBER, the Players have often mentioned it as an honour to *Shakespeare*, that in his writing, (whatsoever he penn'd) hee never blotted out line. My answer hath beene, would ^[one] he had blotted a thousand. Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who choose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted. And to justifie mine owne candor, (for I lov'd the man, and doe honour his memory (on this side Idolatry) as much as any.) Hee was (indeed) honest, and of an open, and free nature: had an excellent *Phantzie*; brave notions, and gentle expressions: wherein hee flow'd with that facility, that sometime it was necessary he should be stop'd: *Suffraginandus erat*; as *Augustus* said of *Haterius*. His wit was in his owne power; would the rule of it had beene so too. Many times hee fell into those things, could not escape laughter: As when hee said in the person of *Cæsar*, one speaking to him; *Cæsar thou dost me wrong*. Hee replied: *Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause*: and such like;

which were ridiculous. But hee redeemed his vices, with his vertues. There was ever more in him to be prayfed, then to be pardoned.

Timber; or, Discoveries; made upon men and matter: as they have flow'd out of his daily readings; or had their reflux to his peculiar Notion of the Time. Works: 1640-1. [Fo.] vol. ii, pp. 97-98.

HUGH HOLLAND, 1623.

*Upon the Lines and Life of the Famous
Scenicke Poet,
Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.*




HOSE hands, which you so clapt, go
now, and wring
You *Britaines* brave; for done are
Shakespeares dayes:
His dayes are done, that made the dainty
Playes,
Which make the Globe of heav'n and earth
to ring.
Dry'de is that veine, dry'd is the *Thespian*
Spring,
Turn'd all to teares, and *Phæbus* clouds his
rayes:
That corp's, that coffin now besticke those
bayes,
Which crown'd him *Poet* first, then *Poets*
King.
If *Tragedies* might any *Prologue* have,
All those he made, would scarce make one to
this:
Where *Fame*, now that he gone is to the grave
(Deaths publique tyring-houfe) the *Nuncius* is.
For though his line of life went foone about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

*Prefixed to the First Folio Edition of Shake-
speare's Works.*

I. M., 1623.

To the memorie of M. W. Shake-speare.

 EE wondred (*Shake-speare*) that thou
 went'st so soone
 From the Worlds-Stage, to the
 Graves-Tyring-roome.
 Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed
 worth,
 Tels thy Spectators, that thou went'st but
 forth
 To enter with applause. An Actors Art,
 Can dye, and live, to acte a second part.
 That's but an *Exit* of Mortalitie;
 This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

*Prefixed to the First Folio Edition of Shake-
 speare's Works.*

ROBERT BURTON, 1624.



HEN Venus ran out to meet her
 rose-cheeked *Adonis*, as an elegant
 *Poet of ours fet her out, * Shakespeare.

—*the bushes in the way*
Some catch her necke, some kisse her face,
Some twine about her legs to make her stay,
And all did covet her for to embrace.

Part 3. Sec. 2. Memb. 2. Subs. 2.

* * * *

And many times those which at the first sight
 cannot fancy or affect each other, but are
 harsh and ready to disagree, offended with
 each others carriage, [like *Benedict* and *Betteris*
 in the *Comedie], and in whom they * Shakespeare.
 find many faults, by this living together in a
 house, conference, kissing, colling, and such
 like allurements, begin at last to dote insensibly
 one upon another.

Part. 3. Sec. 2. Memb. 3. Subs. 4.

The words in [] appear for the first time in the
 3rd Edition, 1628. [Fo.]

* * * *

Who ever heard a story of more woe,
 Than that of Juliet and her Romeo ?

Part 3. Sec. 2. Memb. 5. Subs. 1.

The Anatomy of Melancholy. 2nd Edition.
 1624. [Fo.]

(Other causes of Love-Melancholy, &c.; Arti-
 ficial Allurements; & Prognosticks of Love-
 Melancholy; pp. 371, 427, & 380. Edition
 1676. [Fo.] pp. 284, 298, & 332.)

RICHARD JAMES, 1625. *circa.*

A YOUNG gentle ladie of your acquaintance, having read the works of Shakespeare, made me this question : How Sir Jhon Falstaffe, or Fastolf, as it is written in the statute book of Maudlin Colledge in Oxford, where everye daye that societie were bound to make memorie of his foule, could be dead in Harrie the Fifts time and againe live in the time of Harrie the Sixt to be banisht for cowardize ? Whereto I made answere that this was one of those humours and mistakes for which Plato banisht all poets out of his commonwealth ; that Sir Jhon Falstaffe was in those times a noble valiant fouldier, as apeeres by a book in the Heralds Office dedicated unto him by a herald whoe had binne with him, if I well remember, for the space of 25 yeeres in the French wars ; that he seemes also to have binne a man of learning, because, in a librarie at Oxford, I finde a book of dedicating churches sent from him for a present unto Bisshop Wainflete, and inscribed with his owne hand. That in Shakespeare's first shewe of Harrie the Fift, the person with which he undertook to playe a buffone was not Falstaffe, but Sir Jhon Oldcastle,

and that offence beinge worthily taken by perfonages descended from his title, as peradventure by manie others allso whoe ought to have him in honourable memorie, the poet was putt to make an ignorant shifte of abusing Sir Jhon Falstrophe, a man not inferior of vertue, though not so famous in pietie as the other, whoe gave witnesse unto the truth of our reformation with a constant and resolute martyrdom, unto which he was pursued by the priests, bishops, monks, and friers of those dayes.

Dedication to Sir Henrye Bourchier, prefixed to The Legend and Defence of the Noble Knight and Martyr Sir Jhon Oldcastle. Manuscript in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. Printed by Mr. J. O. Phillipps (Halliwell) in his work, entitled, On the Character of Sir John Falstaff, as originally exhibited by Shakespeare in the two parts of King Henry IV. 1841. [12mo.]

NATHANIEL FIELD.



doe heare
 Your Lordship this faire morning is
 to fight,
 And for your honor. Did you ever see
 The play where the fat knight, hight Old-
 castle,
 Did tell you truely what this honor was ?

Amends for Ladies. 1639. [4^{to}.]

THOMAS ROBINSON, 1630.

AND when he is merrily disposed (as that is not feldom) then must his darling Kate Knightly, play him a merry fit, and sifter Mary Brooke, or some other of his late-come wags, must sing him one bawdy song or other to digest his meat. Then after supper it is usual for him to reade a little of 'Venus and Adonis,' the 'Jests of George Peele,' or some such scurrilous booke; for there are few idle pamphlets printed in England which he hath not in the house.

*The Anatomie of the English Nunnery at
Lisbon in Portugal:*

*Dissected and laid open by one that was some-
time a younger Brother of the Convent, &c.
Published by Authority. 1630. [4to.]*

JOHN TAYLOR, THE WATER POET, 1630.



IN Paper many a Poet now survives
Or else their lines had perish'd with
their lives.

Old *Chaucer*, *Gower*, and Sir *Thomas More*,
Sir Philip Sidney who the Lawrell wore,
Spencer, and *Shakespeare* did in Art excell,
Sir Edward Dyer, Greene, Nash, Daniel,
Silvester, Beaumont, Sir John Harington,
Forgetfulnesse their workes would over run,
But that in Paper they immortally
Doe live in spight of Death, and cannot dye.

The Praise of Hemp seed. Works iii, 1630,
p. 72. [Fol.]

JOHN TAYLOR, THE WATER POET, 1630.

AND to conclude, fir *Bevis*, Ascapart,
Gog-magog, or our English fir *John*
Falstaff, were but shrimps to this
 buzzing Bombards longitude, latitude, alti-
 tude, and craftitude, for he passēs, and surpassēs
 the whole Germane multitude.

* * * * *

I am no fooner eased of him, but *Gregory*
Gandergoose, an Alderman of *Gotham*, catches
 me by the goll, demanding if *Bohemia* be a
 great Towne, and whether there bee any
 meate in it, and whether the last fleet of ships
 be arrived there :

Taylor's Travels. Works iii, 1630, pp. 80
 & 90. [Fo.]

JOHN MILTON, 1630.

*An Epitaph on the admirable Dramaticke Poet,
W. SHAKESPEARE.*



WHAT neede my Shakespeare for his
honour'd bones,
The labour of an Age, in piled
stones
Or that his hallow'd Reliques should be hid
Under a starre-ypointing Pyramid?
Dear Sonne of Memory, great Heire of Fame,
What needst Thou fuch dull witnesse of thy
Name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thy self a lasting Monument:
For whil't to th' shame of flow-endavouring
Art
Thyeasie numbers flow, and that each part,^[heart]
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued Booke,
Thofe Delphicke Lines with deepe Impression
tooke
Then thou our fancy of her self bereaving,
Dost make us Marble with too much conceiving,
And so Sepulcher'd in fuch pompe dost lie
That Kings for fuch a Tombe would wish to die.

Prefixed to the Second Folio Edition of Shakespeare's Works: appended (with 4 variations) to Shakespeare's Poems, 1640, and republished in Milton's Poems, 1645, p. 27.

THOMAS FULLER, 1631.



WILLIAM Shakespeare was borne at Stratford on Avon in this County; in whom three eminent Poets may seem in some sort to be compounded.

1. *Martial*, in the *warlike* sound of his Surname (whence some may conjecture him of a *Military extraction*) *Hastivibrans*, or *Shake-speare*.

2. *Ovid*, the most *naturall* and *witty* of all Poets; and hence it was that Queen Elizabeth, coming into a Grammar-School, made this extemporary verse,

‘*Persius* a Crab-staffe, Bawdy *Martial*,
Ovid a fine Wag.’

3. *Plautus*, who was an exact Comedian, yet never any Scholar, as our *Shake-speare* (if alive) would confesse himself. Adde to all these, that though his Genius generally was *jocular* and inclining him to *festivity*, yet he could (when so disposed) be *solemn* and *serious*, as appears by his Tragedies; so that *Heraclitus* himself (I mean if secret and unseen) might afford to smile at his Comedies, they were so *merry*; and *Democritus* scarce forbear to sigh at his Tragedies, they were so *mournfull*.

He was an eminent instance of the truth of that Rule, ‘*Poeta not fit, sed nascitur*’; one

is not *made*, but *born* a Poet. Indeed his Learning was very little, so that, as *Cornish diamonds* are not polished by any Lapidary, but are pointed and smoothed even as they are taken out of the Earth, so *Nature* itself was all the *Art* which was used upon him.

Many were the *Wet-combates* betwixt ^[Wit] him and *Ben Jonson*; which too I behold like a *Spanish great Gallion* and an *English Man of War*: Master *Jonson* (like the former) was built far higher in Learning; *solid*, but *flow*, in his performances. *Shake-speare*, with the *English Man of War*, lesser in *bulk*, but lighter in *sailing*, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his Wit and Invention. He died anno domini 16 . . , and was buried at Stratford upon Avon, the Town of his Nativity.

The Worthies of England: Warwickshire.
1662. [Fol.] pp. 120-126.

BEN JONSON, 1629—1630.

NO doubt some mouldy tale,
 Like Pericles; and stale
 As the shrieve's crusfts, and nasty
 as his fish—
 Scraps, out [of] every dish
 Throwne forth, and rak't into the common tub,
 May keep up the *Play-club*:
 There, fwEEPings do as well
 As the best order'd meale,
 For, who the relish of these ghests will fit,
 Needs set them, but, the almes-basket of wit.

*Ode appended to The New Inn, or The Light
 Heart. 1631. [4to.]*

OWEN FELTHAM, 1630.



UG, Pierce, Peck, Fly, and all
 Your Jestes so nominal,
 Are things so far beneath an able
 Brain,
 As they do throw a stain
 Through all th' unlikely plot, and do displease
 As deep as *Pericles*,
 Where yet there is not laid
 Before a Chamber-maid
 Discourse so weigh'd, as might have serv'd of
 old
 For Schools, when they of Love & Valour
 told.

Lusoria or, Occasional Pieces. No. xx.
An answer to the Ode of, Come leave the
loathed Stage, &c. 1630. [4to.]

1632.

*Upon the Effigies of my worthy Friend,
the Author,
Master William Shakespeare
and his Workes.*



PECTATOR, this Life's Shaddow
is; To see
The truer image and a livelier he,
Turne Reader. But, observe his Comicke
vaine,
Laugh, and proceed next to a Tragicke straine,
Then weep, So when thou find'st two con-
traries,
Two different passions from thy rapt soule
rise,
Say, (who alone effect such wonders could)
Rare Shake-speare to the life thou dost
behold.

*Prefixed to the Second Folio Edition of Shake-
speare's Works. [Anon.]*

I. M. S., 1632.

*On Worthy Master Shakespeare and his
Poems.*



MIND reflecting ages past, whose
cleere

And equall surface can make things
appeare

Distant a Thoufand yeares, and represent
Them in their lively colours, just extent.
To outrun hasty time, retriue the fates,
Rowle backe the heavens, blow ope the iron
gates

Of death and Lethe, where (confused) lye
Great heapes of ruinous mortalitie.

In that deepe duskie dungeon to discerne
A royall Ghost from Churles: By art to learne
The Phisiognomie of shades, and give
Them fuddaine birth, wondring how oft they
live.

What story coldly tells, what *Poets* faine
At second hand, and picture without braine
Senselesse and foullesse shoves. To give a
Stage

(Ample and true with life) voyce, action, age,
As *Plato's* yeare and new Scene of the world
Them unto us, or us to them had hurld.

To raise our auncient Sovereignes from their
 herse
 Make Kings his subjects, by exchanging
 verse
 Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age
 Joyes in their joy, and trembles at their rage :
 Yet so to temper passion, that our eares
 Take pleasure in their paine ; And eyes in
 teares
 Both weepe and smile ; fearefull at plots so sad,
 Then, laughing at our feare ; abus'd and glad
 To be abus'd, affected with that truth
 Which we perceive is false ; pleas'd in that
 ruth
 At which we start ; and by elaborate play
 Tortur'd and tickled ; by a crablike way
 Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort
 Disgorging up his ravaine for our sport ——
 —— While the *Plebeian* Impe, from lofty
 throne,
 Creates and rules a world, and workes upon
 Mankind by secret engines ; Now to move
 A chilling pitty, then a rigorous love :
 To strike up and stroake down, both joy and
 ire ;
 To steere th' affections ; and by heavenly fire
 Mould us anew. Stolne from ourselves ——
 This, and much more which cannot be
 exprest,
 But by himselfe, his tongue and his owne
 brest,

Was *Shakespeares* frechold, which his cunning
 braine
 Improv'd by favour of the ninefold traine.
 The buskind Muse, the Commicke Queene,
 the graund
 And lowder tone of *Clio*; nimble hand,
 And nimbler foote of the melodious paire,
 The Silver voyced Lady; the most faire
Calliope, whose speaking silence daunts.
 And the whose prayse the heavenly body
 chants.
 These joyntly woo'd him, envying one another
 (Obey'd by all as Spouse, but lov'd as brother)
 And wrought a curious robe of fable grave
 Fresh greene, and pleasant yellow, red most
 brave,
 And constant blew, rich purple, guiltlesse
 white
 The lowly Ruffet, and the Scarlet bright;
 Branch'd and embroydred like the painted
 Spring
 Each leafe match'd with a flower, and each
 string
 Of golden wire, each line of filke; there run
Italian workes whose thred the Sisters spun;
 And there did sing, or seeme to sing, the
 choyce
 Birdes of a forraine note and various voyce.
 Here hangs a mossy rocke; there playes a
 faire
 But chiding fountaine purled: Not the ayre,

Nor cloudes nor thunder, but were living
 drawne,
 Not out of common Tiffany or Lawne.
 But fine materialls, which the Muses know
 And onely know the countries where they
 grow.

Now, when they could no longer him enjoy
 In mortall garments pent ; death may
 destroy
 They say his body, but his verse shall live
 And more then nature takes, our hands shall
 give.

In a lesse volumne, but more strongly bound
Shakespeare shall breath and speake, with
 Laurell crown'd

Which never fades. Fed with Ambrosian
 meate

In a well-lyned vesture rich and neate.

So with this robe they cloath him, bid him
 weare it

For time shall never staine, nor envy teare
 it.

The friendly admirer of his Endowments.

*Prefixed to the Second Folio Edition of Shake-
 speare's Works.*

WILLIAM PRYNNE, 1632.

* Ben Johnsons, *
Shackspeers, and
others.



OME Play-books since I first undertooke this subject, are growne from *Quarto* into *Folio*; which yet beare so good a price and sale, that I cannot but with grieve relate it, they are now† new-printed in farre better paper than most *Octavo* or *Quarto Bibles*, which hardly finde such vent as they: And canthen one *Quarto* Treatate against Stage-playes be thought too large, when as it must assault such ample Play-houfe *Volumes*? Besides, our *Quarto*-Play-bookes since the first sheetes of this my Treatise came unto the Presse, have come forth in such‡ abundance, and found so many customers, that they almost exceede all number, one studie being scarce able to holde them, and two yeares time too little to peruse them all.

† Shackspeers
Flies are
printed in
the best
crown
paper, far
better than
most Bibles.

‡ Above forty
thousand
Play-bookes
have been
printed and
vented within
these two years.

*Histrion-mastix. 'The Players Scourge or Actors
Tragedie. 1633. [4to.]*
(Address "To the Christian Reader." fo. 1.)

SIR ASTON COKAINE, 1632.

THOU more then Poet, our *Mercurie*
 (that art
Apollo's Messenger, and dost impart
 His best expressions to our eares) live long
 To purifie the flighted English tongue,
 That both the *Nymphes* of *Tagus*, and of *Poe*,
 May not henceforth despise our language so.
 Nor could they doe it, if they ere had seene
 The matchlesse features of the faerie Queene;
 Read *Johnson*, *Shakespeare*, *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*,
 or
 Thy neat-limnd peeces, skilfull *Maffinger*.

*Commendatory Verses prefixed to Maffinger's
 Emperour of the East. 1632. [4to.]*

WILLIAM ROWLEY, 1633.

ALLEXANDER. Good fir, be fatis-
fied; the widow and my fifter fung
both one fong; and what was't, but
Crabbed age and youth cannot live together.

A Match at Midnight. Act v, Sc. 1. 1633.
[4^{to}.]

WILLIAM HABINGTON, 1634.

*To a Friend,
Inviting him to a meeting upon promise.*

MAY you drinke beare, or that adult'rate
 wine
 Which makes the zeale of *Amsterdam*
 divine ;
 If you make breach of promise. I have now
 So rich a Sacke, that even your felfe will bow
 T' adore my *Genius*. Of this wine should
Prynne
 Drinke but a plenteous glasse, he would
 beginne
 A health to *Shakespeares* ghost.

*Castara. 1634. The Second Part. [4to.
 8th Poem.]*

THOMAS HEYWOOD, 1635.



OUR moderne Poets to that paffe are
driven,
Those names are curtal'd which
they first had given;
And, as we wisht to have their memories
drown'd,
We scarcely can afford them halfe their
found.

Rob. Greene.

Greene, who had in both Academies ta'ne
Degree of Master, yet could never gaine
To be call'd more than *Robin*: who had he
Profest ought save the *Muse*, Serv'd, and ^[aught]
been Free

After a seven yeares Prentifeship; might have
(With credit too) gone *Robert* to his grave.

Christ. Marlo.

Marlo, renown'd for his rare art and wit,
Could ne're attaine beyond the name of *Kit*;
Although his *Hero* and *Leander* did

Thomas Kid.

Merit addition rather. Famous *Kid*

Thom. Watson.

Was call'd but *Tom*. *Tom Watson*, though he
wrote

Able to make *Apollo's* selfe to dote
Upon his *Muse*; for all that he could strive,
Yet never could to his full name arrive.

Thomas Nash.

Tom Nash (in his time of no small esteeme)
Could not a second syllable redeeme.

- Francis Bew-*
mont. Excellent *Bewmont*, in the formost ranke
Of the rar'st Wits, was never more than
Franck.
- William Shake-*
speare. Mellifluous *Shake-speare*, whose enchanting
Quill
Commanded Mirth or Passion, was but *Will.*
And famous *Johnson*, though his learned Pen
Be dipt in *Castaly*, is still but *Ben.*
- Benjamin John-*
son. *Fletcher* and *Webster*, of that learned packe
None of the mean'st, yet neither was but
Jacke.
- John Fletcher.*
John Webster,
&c. *Deckers* but *Tom*; nor *May*, nor *Middleton.*
And hee's now but *Jacke Foord*, that once
was *John.*

The Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells. Lib. 4.
1635. p. 206. [Fö.]

JASPER MAYNE, 1638.



LSE (though wee all conspir'd to
 make thy Hearse
 Our Works) so that 't had beene but
 one great Verfe,
 Though the Priest had translated for that time
 The Liturgy, and buried thee in Rime,
 So that in Meter wee had heard it said,
 Poetique dust is to Poetique laid:
 And though that dust being Shakspear's, thou
 might'st have
 Not his roome, but the Poet for thy grave;
 So that, as thou didst Prince of Numbers dye
 And live, so now thou mightst in Numbers lie,
 'Twere fraile solemnity; Verses on Thee
 And not like thine, would but kind Libels be;
 * * * * *
 Who without Latine helps had'st beene as
 rare
 As Beaumont, Fletcher, or as Shakepeare
 were:
 And like them, from thy native Stock
 could'st say,
 Poets and Kings are not borne every day.

Jonsonus Virbius. 1638. pp. 29 & 33. [4to.]

OWEN FELTHAM, 1638.



SO in our Halcyon dayes, we have had
now

Wits, to which, all that after come,
must bow.

And should the Stage compose her self a
Crowne

Of all those wits, which hitherto sh'as knowne :
Though there be many that about her brow
Like sparkling stones, might a quick lustre
throw :

Yet Shakespeare, Beaumont, Johnson, these
three shall

Make up the Jem in the point Verticall.

And now since JONSONS gone, we well may
say,

The Stage hath feene her glory and decay.

Jonsonus Virbius. 1638. [4to.]

RICHARD WEST, 1638.



HAKESPEARE may make *griefe*
 merry, *Beaumonts* stile
 Ravish and melt anger into a smile;
 In winter *nights*, or after *meales* they be,
 I must confesse very good companie:
 But *thou* exact'st our best houres in- [JONSON]
 dustrie;
 We may read *them*; we ought to studie *thee*:

Jonsonus Virbius. 1638. [4to.]

H. RAMSAY, 1638.

WHAT are his faulſ (O Envy!) that
 you ſpeake [Jonſon's faults]
 Engliſh at Court, the learned Stage
 acts Greeke?
 That Latine Hee reduc'd, and could com-
 mand
 That which your Shakeſpeare ſcarce could
 underſtand?

Jonſon's Virbius. 1638. [4to.]

T. TERRENT, 1638.



AUD aliter nostri præmissa in prin-
cipis ortum
Ludicra *Chauceri*, classisq; incompta
sequentum;
Nascenti apta parum divina hæc machina
regno,
In nostrum servanda fuit tantæq; decebat
Præluisse Deos ævi certamina famæ;
Nec geminos vates, nec Te *Shakspeare* silebo,
Aut quicquid sacri nostros conjecit in annos
Consilium Fati:

Jonsonus Virbius. 1638. [4^{to}.]

JAMES MERVYN, 1638.



HERE are some men doe hold, there
is a place

Cal'd *Limbus Patrum*, if such have
the grace

To wave that Schisme, and Poëtarum^[vice Patrum]
said

They of that faith had me a member made,
That *Limbus* I could have beleev'd thy braine
Where *Beamont*, *Fletcher*, *Shakespeare*, & a
train

Of glorious Poets in their active heate
Move in that Orbe, as in their former feate.
When thou began'st to give thy Master life,
Me thought I saw them all, with friendly
strife

Each casting in his dose, *Beamont* his weight,
Shakespeare his mirth, and *Fletcher* his conceit,
With many more ingredients, with thy skill
So sweetely tempered, that the envious quill
And tongue of Criticks must both write and
say,

They never yet beheld a smooother Play.

*Lines "On Mr. James Shirley his Royall
Master." Prefixed to the Edition of 1638.
[4to.]*

WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH, 1638.

SO that as a foolish fellow who gave
 a Knight the Lye, desiring withall
 leave of him to set his Knighthood
 aside, was answered by him, that he would
 not suffer any thing to be set aside that
 belonged unto him: So might we justly take
 it amisse, that conceiving as you doe ignor-
 ance and repentance such necessary things
 for us, you are not more willing to consider
 us with them, then without them.

*The Religion of Protestants a Safe Way to
 Salvation, &c. Chap. 1. Part 1. § 5.
 p. 33. 1638. [Fo.]*

1639.




NE travelling through Stratford upon Avon, a towne most remarkeable for the birth of famous William Shakespeare, and walking in the church to doe his devotion, espied a thing there worthy observation, which was a tombeſtone laid more than three hundred yeeres agoe, on which was engraven an epitaph to this purpoſe, I Thomas ſuch a one, and Elizabeth my wife here under lie buried, and know, reader, I R. C. and I Chriſtoph. Q. are alive at this howre to witneſſe it.

A Banquet of Feſts or Change of Cheare.
1639. [12mo.]

R[OBERT] C[HAMBERLAIN], 1639.

194.

NE asked another what Shakespeares Works were worth, all being bound together. He answered, not a farthing. Not worth a farthing! said he; why so? He answered that his plays were worth a great deale of mony, but he never heard, that his works were worth any thing at all.

*Conceits, Clinches, Flashes, and Whimaies.
Newly studied, with some Collections, but
those never published before in this kinde.
1639. [12mo.]*

*[Reprinted in Hazlitt's Shakespeare Jest-Books.
Third series. 1864. Extract, p. 49.]*

THOMAS BANCROFT, 1639.

To Shakespeare.



HY Muses fugred dainties seeme to us
Like the fam'd Apples of old *Tan-*
talus:

For we (admiring) see and heare thy straines,
But none I see or heare, those sweets attaines.

To the same.

Thou hast so us'd thy *Pen*, (or shooke thy
Speare)
That Poets startle, nor thy wit come neare.

Two Bookes of Epigrammes, and Epitaphs.
1639. [4to.] Nos. 118 and 119.

1640.

To Mr. William Shake-speare.

SHAKE-SPEARE, we must be silent
 in thy praise,
 'Cause our encomion's will but blast
 thy Bayes,
 Which envy could not, that thou didst so well;
 Let thine own histories prove thy Chronicle.

Witts Recreations Selected from the finest Fancies of Moderne Muses. With A Thousand outLandish Proverbs. Epigram 25. Anon.
 1640. [12mo.]

RICHARD BROME, 1638.



THESE lads can act the Emperor's
lives all over,
And Shakespeare's Chronicled
Histories to boot;
And were that Cæsar, or that English Earl,
That lov'd a play and player so well, now
living,
I would not be outvied in my delights.

Antipodes. 1640. [4^{to}.]

JOHN BENSON, 1640.

To the Reader.


HERE perfume (under favour) to present to your view, some excellent and sweetely composed Poems, of Master *William Shakespeare*, Which in themselves appeare of the same purity, the Authour himselfe then living avouched; they had not the fortune by reason of their Infancie in his death, to have the due accommodatiō of proportionable glory, with the rest of his everliving Workes, yet the lines of themselves will afford you a more authentick approbation than my assurance any way can, to invite your allowance, in your perusall you shall find them *Seren*, cleere and eligantly plaine, such gentle straines as shall recreate and not perplexe your braine, no intricate or cloudy stufte to puzzell intellectu, but perfect eloquence; such as will raise your admiration to his praise: this assurance I know will not differ from your acknowledgment. And certaine I am, my opinion will be seconded by the sufficiency of these ensuing Lines; I have beene somewhat sollicitus to bring this forth to the perfect view of all men; and in so doing, glad to be serviceable for the continuance of glory to the deserved Author in these Poems.

Address prefixed to Shakespeare's Poems. 1640.

[12mo.]

LEONARD DIGGES, 1623.

TO THE MEMORIE
of the deceased Author Maister
 W. SHAKESPEARE.

 *HAKESPEARE*, at length thy
 pious fellowes give
 The world thy Workes: thy Workes,
 by which, out-live
 Thy Tombe, thy name must: when that stone
 is rent,
 And Time dissolves thy *Stratford* Monument,
 Here we alive shall view thee still. This
 Booke,
 When Brasse and Marble fade, shall make
 thee looke
 Fresh to all Ages: when Posteritie
 Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodegie
 That is not *Shake-speares*; ev'ry Line, each
 Verse,
 Here shall revive, redeeme thee from thy
 Herse.
 Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as *Naso* said,
 Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke shall once
 invade.
 Nor shall I e're beleewe, or thinke thee dead
 (Though mist) untill our bankrout Stage be
 sped
 (Impossible) with some new strain t' out-do

Passions of *Juliet*, and her *Romeo*;
 Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
 Then when thy half-Sword parlying *Romans*
 spake,
 Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest
 Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest,
 Be sure, our *Shake-speare*, thou canst never
 dye,
 But crown'd with Lawrell, live eternally.

*Prefixed to the First Folio Edition of Shake-
 speare's Works.*

LEONARD DIGGES, 1640.

*Upon Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the
deceased Authour, and his POEMS.*



POETS are borne not made, when I
would prove

This truth, the glad remembrance
I must love

Of never dying *Shakespeare*, who alone,
Is argument enough to make that one.
First, that he was a Poet none would doubt,
That heard th' applause of what he fees set
out

Imprinted; where thou hast (I will not fay
Reader his Workes for to contrive a Play:
To him twas none) the patterne of all wit,
Art without Art unpareld as yet.
Next Nature onely helpt him, for looke thorow
This whole Booke, thou shalt find he doth not
borrow,

One phraze from Greekes, nor Latines imitate,
Nor once from vulgar Languages Translate,
Nor Plagiari-like from others gleane,
Nor begges he from each witty friend a Scene

To peece his Acts with, all that he doth write
 Is pure his owne, plot, language exquisite,
 But oh ! what praise more powerfull can we
 give
 The dead, then that by him the Kings men
 live,
 His Players, which should they but have
 shar'd the Fate,
 All else expir'd within the short Termes date ;
 How could the Globe have prospered, since
 through want
 Of change, the Plaies and Poems had growne
 scant,
 But happy Verse thou shalt be sung and heard,
 When hungry quills shall be such honour
 bard. [barr'd]
 Then vanish upstart Writers to each Stage,
 You needy Poetafters of this Age,
 Where *Shakespeare* liv'd or spake, Vermine
 forbear,
 Leaft with your froth you spot them, come
 not neere ;
 But if you needs must write, if poverty
 So pinch, that otherwise you starve and
 die,
 On Gods name may the Bull or Cockpit have
 Your lame blanke Verfe, to keepe you from
 the grave :
 Or let new Fortunes younger brethren fee,
 What they can picke from your leane industry.
 I doe not wonder when you offer at

Blacke-Friers, that you suffer: tis the fate
Of richer veines, prime judgements that have
far'd

The worfe, with this deceafed man compar'd.
So have I feene, when Cefar would appeare,
And on the Stage at halfe-fword parley were,
Brutus and *Caffius*: oh how the Audience
Were ravish'd, with what wonder they went
thence,

When fome new day they would not brooke
a line,

Of tedious (though well laboured) *Catiline*;
Sejanus too was irkfome, they priz'de more
Honeft *Iago*, or the jealous Moore.

And though the Fox and fubtill Alchimiſt,
Long intermitted could not quite be miſt,
Though thefe have sham'd all the Ancients,
and might raife,

Their Authours merit with a crowne of Bayes.
Yet thefe fometimes, even at a friends defire
Acted, have ſcarce defrai'd the Seacoale fire
And doore-keepers: when let but *Falſtaffe*
come,

Hall, *Poines*, the reſt you ſcarce ſhall have a
roome

All is fo peſter'd: let but *Beatrice*
And *Benedicke* be feene, loe in a trice
The Cockpit Galleries, Boxes, all are full
To hear *Malvoglio*, that croſſe garter'd Gull.
Briefe, there is nothing in his wit fraught
Booke,

Whose found we would not heare, on whose
 worth looke
 Like old coynd gold, whose lines in every
 page,
 Shall paffe true currant to succeeding age.
 But why doe I dead *Sheakspares* praise recite,
 Some second *Shakespeare* must of *Shakespeare*
 write;
 For me tis needlesse, since an host of men,
 Will pay to clap his praise, to free my Pen.

Prefixed to Shakespeare's Poems. 1640. [12mo.]

JOHN WARREN, 1640.

Of Mr. William Shakespeare.



HAT, lofty *Shakespeare*, art againe
reviv'd ?

And *Virbius* like now show'st thy
felfe twife liv'd,
Tis [Benson's] love that thus to thee is showne,
The labours his, the glory still thine owne.
These learned Poems amongst thine after-
birth,

That makes thy name immortall on the earth,
Will make the learned still admire to see,
The Muses gifts so fully infus'd on thee.

Let Carping *Momus* barke and bite his fill,
And ignorant *Davus* slight thy learned skill :
Yet those who know the worth of thy desert,
And with true judgement can discern thy
Art,

Will be admirers of thy high tun'd straine,
Amongst whose number let me still remaine.

Prefixed to Shakespeare's Poems. 1640. [12mo.]

1637 circa.

*An Elegy on the Death of that famous Writer
and Actor Mr. William Shakespeare.*



DARE not doe thy Memory that
wrong,
Unto our larger griefes to give a
tongue ;
Ile onely figh in earnest, and let fall
My folemne teares at thy great Funerall ;
For every eye that raines a showre for thee,
Laments thy losse in a sad Elegie.
Nor is it fit each humble Muse should have,
Thy worth his subiect, now th' art laid in
grave ;
No its a flight beyond the pitch of those,
Whose worthles Pamphlets are not sence in
Profe.
Let learned *Johnson* sing a Dirge for thee,
And fill our Orbe with mournfull harmony :
But we neede no Remembrancer, thy Fame
Shall still accompany thy honoured Name,
To all posterity ; and make us be,
Sensible of what we lost in losing thee :
Being the Ages wonder whose smooth Rhimes,
Did more reforme than lash the looser Times.
Nature her selfe did her owne selfe admire,
As oft as thou wert pleased to attire

Her in her native lusture, and confesse,
 Thy dressing was her chiefeſt comelineſſe.
 How can we then forget thee, when the age
 Her chiefeſt Tutor, and the widdowed Stage
 Her onely favorite in thee hath loſt,
 And Natures ſelfe, what ſhe did bragge of
 moſt.
 Sleepe then rich foule of numbers, whiſt
 poore we,
 Enjoy the profits of thy Legacie ;
 And thinke it happineſſe enough we have,
 So much of thee redeemed from the grave,
 As may ſuffice to enlighten future times,
 With the bright luſtre of thy matchleſſe
 Rhimes.

Anon. Appended to Shakeſpeare's Poems
 1640. [12mo.]

JOHN JOHNSON, 1641.



HERE was also *Shakespeare*, who
 (as *Cupid* informed me) creepes into
 the Women's Closets about bed
 time ; and if it were not for some of the
 old out-of-date Grandames (who are set over
 the rest as tutoresses) the young Sparkish
 Girles would read in *Shakespeare* day and
 night, so that they would open the Book or
 Tome, and the men with a Fescue in their
 hands should point to the Verfe.

*The Academy of Love, describing the Folly of
 younge-men and the Fallacie of Women,
 (Love's Library), 1641, p. 99. [4to.]*

SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT, 1636—1642

circa.

*In Remembrance of Master William
Shakespeare. Ode.*

I.

BEWARE (delighted Poets!) when
you sing
To welcome Nature in the early
Spring :

Your num'rous feet not tread
The banks of *Avon*; for each Flowre
(As it nere knew a Sun or Showre)
Hangs there, the penfive head.

2.

Each Tree, whose thick and fspreading growth
hath made
Rather a Night beneath the Boughs, then
shade,
(Unwilling now to grow,)
Looks like the Plume a Captain weares,
Whose rifled *Falls* are fleep't i' th teares
Which from his laft rage flow.

3.

The piteous River wept it felf away
Long fince (Alas !) to fuch a fwift decay,
That reach the Map, and look
If you a River there can fpie :
And for a River your mock'd Eye,
Will finde a fhallow Brooke.

Works, 1673. [*lv.*] pp. 218-219.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING, 1636—1642
circa.

*A Supplement of an Imperfect Copy of Verses
 of Mr. Wil. Shakespeares.*

I



NE of her hands, one of her cheeks
 lay under,
 Cozening the pillow of a lawfull
 kisse,
 Which therefore swel'd and seem'd to part
 afunder,
 As angry to be rob'd of such a blisse :
 The one lookt pale, and for revenge did
 long,
 Whilst t'other blush't, cause it had done
 the wrong.

2

Out of the bed the other fair hand was
 On a green fatten quilt, whose perfect white
 Lookt like a Dazie in a field of grasse,
 * And shew'd like unmelt snow unto the sight,
 There lay this pretty perdue, safe to keep
 The rest o' th' body that lay fast asleep.

* Thus far Shake-spear.

3

Her eyes (and therefore it was night) close
laid,

Strove to imprison beauty till the morn,
But yet the doors were of such fine stuffe made,
That it broke through, and shew'd itself in
scorn.

Throwing a kind of light about the place,
Which turn'd to smiles still as 't came
near her face.

4

Her beams (which some dul men call'd hair) ^[call]
divided

Part with her cheeks, part with her lips did
sport,

But these, as rude, her breath put by still;
some


Wifelyer downwards fought, but falling
short,

Curl'd back in rings, and seem'd to turn
agen

To bite the part so unkindly held them in.

*Fragmenta Aurea. A collection of all the
Incomparable Peeeces, written by Sir John
Suckling. And published by a Friend to
perpetuate his memory. Printed by his
owne copies. 1646. p. 29-30. [8vo.]*

SIR JOHN SUCKLING, 1636—1642
circa.

HE sweate of learned Johnson's brain,
 And gentle Shakespear's eaf'er
 strain,
 A hackney-coach conveys you to,
 In spite of all that rain can do :
 And for your eighteen pence you fit
 The Lord and Judge of all fresh wit.

Fragmenta Aurea: &c. 1646. p. 35. [8vo.]

JAMES SHIRLEY, APRIL, 1642.

DOES this look like a Term? I cannot
tell,

Our Poet thinks the whole Town
is not well,
Has took some Phyfick lately, and for fear
Of catching cold dares not falute this Ayre.
But ther's another reafon, I hear fay
London is gone to *York*, 'tis a great way ;
Pox o' the Proverb, and of him fay I,
That look'd ore *Lincoln*, caufe that *was*, muft
we

Be now translated North? I could rail to ^[too]
On Gammar *Shiptons* Ghost, but 't wo' not
doe,

The Town will ftill be *flecking*, and a Play
Though ne'r fo new, will ftarve the fecond
day :

Upon thefe very hard conditions,
Our Poet will not purchafe many Towns ;
And if you leave us too, we cannot thrive,
I'l promife neither Play nor Poet live
Till ye come back, think what you do, you fee
What audience we have, what Company
“ *To Shakespear comes, whofe mirth did once
beguile*
“ *Dull hours, and bufkind, made even sorrow
fmile,*

" *So lovely were the wounds, that men would
say*

" *They could endure the bleeding a whole day :*
He has but few friends lately, think o' that,
Hee'l come no more, and others have his
fate.

" *Fletcher the Muses darling, and choice love*
" *Of Phœbus, the delight of every Grove ;*
" *Upon whose head the Laurel grew, whose*
wit

" *Was the Times wonder, and example yet,*
'Tis within memory, Trees did not throng,
As once the Story said to *Orpheus* song.
" *Johnson, t' whose name, wife Art did bow,*
and Wit

" *Is only justified by honouring it :*
" *To hear whose touch, how would the learned*
Quire
" *With silence stoop ? and when he took his*
Lyre,

" *Apollo dropt his Lute, asham'd to see*
" *A Rival to the God of Harmonie.*
You do forsake *him* too, we must deplore
This fate, for we do know it by our *door*.
How must this Author fear then, with his
guilt
Of weakness to thrive here, where late was
spilt
The *Muses* own blood, if being but a few,
You not conspire, and meet more frequent
too ?

There are not now *nine Muses*, and you may
 Be kind to ours, if not, he bad me say,
 Though while you carelefs kill the rest,
 and laugh,
 Yet he may live to write your *Epitaph*.

The Sisters. 1652. [8vo.] *Prologue at the
 Black-Fryers.*

Elucidations
TO
THE SECOND PERIOD
OF
SHAKESPEARE'S CENTURIE OF PRAYSE.



ELUCIDATIONS.

—o—

PAGE 87.

Steevens conjectured that the scribe wrote *Sophoclem*, not *Socratem*. Assuredly one who had scholarship enough to compose the verses could hardly have believed that the o in the latter word had a common quantity. Besides the comparison of Shakespeare to Sophocles is significant: to Socrates trifling: Ben Jonson and Samuel Sheppard compare Shakespeare to Sophocles. (See pp. 99, 203, & 206.) If Sheppard wrote *Sophocles* in an English verse, that would be irrelevant; for he would not have written it in a Latin one.

PAGE 88.

Sir William Drummond was evidently a weak-minded man, whose memory had the knack of retaining only what was trivial or worthless. We may be quite sure that Jonson's assertions were not given in this naked form. No one understood Shakespeare's *art* better than Jonson; and he could hardly have based the charge of wanting art on geographical or on chronological errors, which Shakespeare took, not ignorantly; but as he found them in the current stories. Ben, certainly, meant to say, that the art of Shakespeare would have been finer had he exercised a more jealous censorship on his own writings. Drummond's report of his friend's censure,

like most broad statements involving antithesis, found ready acceptance and currency. In 1631 Fuller asserts that "*Nature* itself was all the *Art* which was used upon him." (p. 116): which Cartwright echoes in 1651: "*Nature* was all his art:" Dryden expands the Jonson-Drummond censure in his *Defence of the Epilogue*; and forty-two years after its utterance we meet it once more in the *Diary* of the Rev. John Ward, who had "heard that Shakspeare was a natural wit without any art at all." But Ben Jonson and L. Digges allow Shakespeare a sort of art. The former writes:

"Yet muft I not give Nature all: Thy Art,
My gentle *Shakspeare*, muft enjoy a part." p. 100.

and Digges assigns him:

"Art without Art unparaleld as yet." p. 145.

PAGE 89.

Painful as the avowal may be, the readers of this *catena* are advised that, in the editor's judgment, all the additions (to these lines) published by Mr. J. P. Collier in his *New Particulars*, 1836, p. 29-31, are spurious, and of modern coinage. (See also Collier's *History of Dramatic Poetry and of the Stage*, I, 430, note.) The allusion in lines 2-5 seems to be to Hamlet's leaping into Ophelia's grave, to outface Laertes; and to his bidding the gravediggers to pile upon them "millions of acres." The remainder, however, has no bearing on the play of *Hamlet*.

PAGE 90.

These lines, which are usually attributed to the elder W. Basse, have come down to us in so many discrepant versions, manuscript as well as printed, that it is difficult to determine their original or their finished form. The version selected for this work is derived, at second-hand, from a manuscript which,

None of the versions comport with the *status quo* in Westminster Abbey, where Chaucer's tomb is pretty central between Spencer's and Beaumont's: whereas, in the Fennell copy and Donne's version Beaumont is the central figure, and in all the rest Spencer lies between Beaumont and Chaucer.

In the original draft it is most likely that lines 5-9 ran (as in the Sloane copy, with one exception,) thus:

If your precedencie in death doeth barre
A fourth to have place in your sepulchre,
Under this sacred marble of thy owne
Sleep, rare Tragedian, Shakespeare, sleepe alone,
That unto others, &c.

Perhaps Donne or Basse improved upon them, thus:

But if precedencie in death doe } barre
 or doth }
A fourth place in your *sacred* sepulchre,
Under this [] marble of thy owne
Sleep, rare Tragedian, Shakespeare, sleepe alone, &c.

and further it seems not improbable that the third of these lines became,

In this unshared marble of thy owne,

before the additional couplet was added, when *unshared* was supplanted by *uncarved*.

Of the following early manuscript copies, known, or believed to be extant, the first is that which has been adopted in the text; the second and third are cited by Malone, but the editor has not had an opportunity of consulting either. A diligent and redoubled search among the Rawlinson manuscripts has failed to discover the third.

(1.) A collection of Miscellaneous Poems in a handwriting of the early part of the reign of Charles I; from which these verses are printed in Fennell's *Shakespeare Repository*, p. 10.

(2.) A collection of manuscript poems, formerly in the possession of Gustavus Brander, Esq., con-

taining these verses. Malone dates this version "soon after the year 1621," because he thinks it likely "that these lines were written recently after Shakespeare's death;" as if Shakespeare had died in 1621!

(3.) A volume of manuscript poems composed by W. Herrick and others, and *inter alia* Basse's lines; in the Rawlinson Collection, Bodleian Library, Oxford.

(4.) A volume of manuscripts, containing poems by Bishop Corbet, and *inter alia* Basse's lines; also in the Rawlinson Collection.

(5.) A volume of manuscripts, bearing on the title-page, "J. A. Christchurch," and "Robert Killigrew his booke written [or witnes] by his Majesties ape Gorge Harison;" where Basse's lines are on p. 114. No. 1792 (not 1702, as Malone quotes it) in the Sloane Collection, British Museum.

(6.) A volume of manuscripts, containing six poems by W. Herrick, and also Basse's lines. Vol. 38, No. 185, original (black) numbering, 421 in modern (red) numbering, in the Ashmole Collection: Bodleian Library, Oxford.

To these may be added the following four early printed versions.

I. Donne's Poems. 1633. [4to.]

II. Verses appended to Shakespeare's Poems. 1640. [12mo.]

III. Witt's Recreations: selected, &c. 1640 [12mo.], where Basse's lines are numbered 5.

IV. Witt's Recreations Augmented, &c. 1641 [12mo.], where Basse's lines are numbered 144.

Of these, II, III, and IV are substantially the same, and follow, in the main, No. (4).

As to the evidence of authorship: In (1) the lines are headed "Mr. Basse": (2) "Basse his elegie one Poett Shakespeare, who died in April, 1616:" (3)

"Shakespeare's Epitaph," without author's name." (4) Basse his elegye on Shakespeare : " (5) No heading, nor author's name. (6) Subscribed "finis, Dr. Donne." In I they are assigned to Dr. Donne ; but they are omitted from the next edition of his *Poems*. In II they are subscribed W. B. ; in III and IV they are anonymous.

PAGE 92.

The peroration of this address is so good as to evoke the suspicion that it is not original. Malone quotes from Morley's Dedication of a Book of Songs to Sir Robert Cecil, 1595, a very similar passage. But in truth the peroration is literally translated from Pliny's dedicatory epistle to Vespasian, prefixed to his *Natural History*, (§ ii ed. Sillig) which runs thus :

diis lacte rustici multæque gentes supplicant, et mola tantum
falsa litant qui non habent tura ; nec ulli fuit vitio deos colere
quoquo modo posset.

That is,

country people and many nations offer milk to their gods ;
and they who have not incense obtain their requests with only
meal and falt ; nor was it imputed to any as a fault to worship
the gods in whatever way they could.

The translator of 1623 added "cream and fruits" in one place, and "gummes" in another : and for *mola salsa* appears to have, not unskillfully, caught up Horace's "farre pio" (*Odes* III, 23 ll. 17-20). He adds, too, very gracefully, that "the meanest things are made more precious when they are dedicated to temples." If he employed Philemon Holland's translation (1635) he did not reproduce its words.

PAGE 95.

The boast of these editors "that what he [Shakespeare] thought, he uttered with that easiness, that wee have scarce received from him a blot [*litura*] in his papers," is seemingly confirmed by Ben Jonson

(p. 103): but it certainly involves a *suppressio veri*; for the greater part of the folio of 1623 *could not* have been printed from manuscript.

PAGE 97.

The editor cannot accept this epigram as a serious commendation of the portrait. It seems to say that the graver had been worsted in his strife with nature: and that, since he had so failed, the reader must turn from the picture to the book. But after all it may be mere conventional compliment. Mr. Grosart (Ed. of Sir John Beaumont's *Poems*, pp. 194 & xxv) hears in Ben's lines "an echo" of some in Beaumont's *Elegiac Memorials of Worthies*:

Or had it err'd, or made some strokes amisse,
— For who can pourtray Vertue as it is? —
Art might with Nature have maintain'd her strife,
By curious lines to imitate true life.
But now those pictures want their lively grace,
As after death none can well draw the face:

Mr. Hain Friswell notices the resemblance "with a certain back twist" (as he writes it) of Ben's lines to the elegiac couplet under an old portrait (1588) of Sir Thomas More, in the *Tres Thomæ* of Stapleton:

Corporis effigiem dedit ænea lamina. At ð fi
Effigiem mentis sic daret iste labor.

and in *Venus and Adonis*, we read,

Look, where a painter would surpasse the life,
His arts' with nature's workmanship at strife.

which Dryden echoes in his *Epistle to Sir Godfrey Kneller*:

Such are thy pieces, imitating life
So near, they almost conquer in the strife.

We need not, however, go out of Shakespeare's "Booke" to find an instance of this common conceit:

the cutter
Was as another Nature, dumb, outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Cymbeline, ii, 4.

Mat. Smalwood, in his commendatory verses prefixed to Cartwright's *Works*, 1651, thus comments on the wretched print of Cartwright's face, which serves as frontispiece to the volume.

Then, do not blame his serious Brow and Look,
 'Twill be thy Picture if thou read his Book:

PAGE 98.

It has not, hitherto, been observed, that Ben Jonson's forty couplets have a regular structure. The editor has ventured upon an innovation to indicate this. ☉☉☉☉☉☉ Fortunately the three marks of division, to which he has had recourse, fall on the top of each page, so that they serve indifferently as paginal decorations, or as the headings of the second, third, and fourth divisions. By virtue of the latter function, they indicate the following constituent parts of the poem.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------|
| (1.) An Introduction | } each of eight couplets. |
| (4.) A Peroration | |
| (2.) An Address to Shakespeare | } each of twelve couplets. |
| (3.) An Address to Britain | |

In the third, however, is a passing deviation, viz. "*Thy Art, my Shakespeare,*" &c. A few obscurities in the course of this piece may be noted. "*To draw no envy,*" &c., certainly does not mean what the editor of Brome's *Five New Plays*, 1658-9, imputes to it; as if Ben thought to lower Shakespeare by extravagantly praising him. He meant to say, that while Ignorance, Affection, or Malice, by excessive, indiscriminate or unjust praise, would be sure to provoke the detraction of Envy,

these ways
 Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise ;

for he could with full knowledge and strict impartiality award him the highest praise that could be

expressed. One is reminded (especially by the seventh couplet) of what Ben wrote in *Cynthia's Revels*, where Crites is made to say,

So they be ill men,
If they spake worfe, 'twere better: for of such
To be dispraised, is the most perfect praise.

"*I will not lodge thee*," &c., refers to Basse's lines, and means that he will not class Shakespeare with Chaucer, Spenser, and Beaumont, because he is out of all proportion greater than they—men "of yeeres" or "for an age." Nor will he praise him by declaring how far he excelled Lily, Kid, and Marlow. Shakespeare, indeed, like them (yet beyond them) was, for the age in which he flourished; but he was also for all time, and not *of* an age. It is worth remarking, that on the occasion of the Tercentenary Celebration, in London, when "blinde Affection" worshipped the gigantic bust of Shakespeare, at the Agricultural Hall, "seeliest Ignorance" had surmounted the prosenium with the abominable travestie, HE WAS NOT FOR AN AGE, BUT FOR ALL TIME; and the same evil genius presided over Mr. John Leighton's "Official Seal for the National Shakespeare Committee," when he engraved on the scroll at the base of the device the same discreditable perversion, NOT FOR AN AGE BUT FOR ALL TIME. Mr. Frederick Brett Russell is to be congratulated on his fidelity and sense in surrounding his memorial salver with the actual line of Jonson.

"*Leave thee alone for the comparison*," &c., is almost repeated *verbatim* in Jonson's *Timber*, where he points to Bacon as

"he who hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred either to infolent Greece, or haughty Rome."

It is indeed as applicable to Bacon's prose as to Shakespeare's verse. Mr. W. H. Smith endeavours

to make capital out of the coincidence in his *Bacon and Shakespeare*. 1857. pp. 35-36.

"*For though thou had'st,*" &c. Here *hadst* is the subjunctive. The passage may be thus paraphrased.

"Even if thou hadst little scholarship, I would not seek to honour thee by calling thee, as others have done, Ovid, Plautus, Terence, &c., *i.e.*, by the names of the classical poets, but would rather invite them to witness how far thou dost outshine them."

Ben does not assert that Shakespeare had "little Latine and less Greek," as the editor of Brome, as Aubrey, and others understand him: though doubtless, compared with Ben's finished scholarship, Shakespeare's was small: but that the lack of that accomplishment could only redound to Shakespeare's honour, who could be Greek or Roman, according to the requirements of the play and the situation.

After all, one could wish that Ben had said all this in Shakespeare's lifetime; and one is reminded of what Horace says of the great poet (Epist. II, i 13-14).

Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat artes
Infra se positas: extinctus amabitur idem.

In some verses prefixed to Cartwright's *Works*, 1651, signed W. Towers, it is said,

Thy skill in wit was not so poorly meek
As theirs, whose little Latin and no Greek
Confin'd their whole discourse to a street phrase,
Such dialect as their next neighbour's was.

This was in allusion to Jonson's critique on Shakespeare.

PAGE 103.

In the remarks *de Shakespeare nostrati* we have, doubtless, Ben's closet-opinion of his friend, opposed as it seems to be to that in his address to Britain (p. 100), where Ben appears to praise him for that very quality "wherein he most faulted:" for evidently

Shakespeare did not dream of conforming to the Horatian precept, (Sat. I, x. 72-73.)

Sæpe stylum veritas, iterum quæ digna legi sunt
Scripturus.

Though Ben regretted and condemned his friend's rapidity of execution, it does not appear that he assumed (like Cowley, in a passage quoted in the *Third Period*,) the right "to prune and lop away" what did not square with his canons of criticism.

In his *Timber*, under the head, *De Stylo, et optimo scribendi generis*, Ben expatiates on the duty of self-restraint in composition. He says (*inter alia dicta*), "No matter how slow the style be at first, so it be laboured and accurate;" and again, "So that the sum of all is, ready writing makes not good writing; but good writing brings on ready writing: yet, when we think we have got the faculty, it is even then good to resist it;" &c.

Ben's critique on the passage (as it must have originally stood) in *Julius Cæsar* is captious. The justice of the cause is not inconsistent with wrong inflicted on others beside the expiator. Mr. J. O. Phillips (Halliwell) rightly observes, "If *wrong* is taken in the sense of *injury* or *harm*, as Shakespeare sometimes uses it, there is no absurdity in the line. [cf.] 'He shall have wrong.' 2 *Henry VI*, v, 1." (*Life of Shakespeare*, 1848, p. 185.) Again, in *A Winter's Tale*, v, 1, *Paulina*, speaking of the hapless Queen, says,

Had one such power,

She had just cause.

Leontes. She had, and would incense me
To murder her I married.

That is, she had just cause to incite him to do another a grievous wrong. This is even more amenable to Jonson's censure than the passage which fell under it. That the line in *Julius Cæsar* did sound

ridiculous can well be credited ; whence the alteration (by whom made we know not) which was so injuriously foisted into the playhouse copies, and which the editors, in deference to the over-venerated text of the first folio, still blindly follow. It is to the censured line that Ben alludes in the precedent extract (p. 102).

PAGE 106.

These lines have been attributed to John Marston, Jaspar Mayne, and James Mabbe. They are bad enough for Mayne, and good enough for Marston. Mr. Bolton Corney, who first preferred a claim on behalf of Mabbe, supported it by the following extract from Mabbe's translation of *Guzman de Alfarache*, Part I, p. 175; a work published by Blount, and attributed to Mateo Aleman. (see *Notes and Queries*: 2nd S., XI, 4.)

It is a miserable thing, and much to be pitied, that such an idol as one of these [a proud courtier], should affect particular adoration; not considering that he is but a man, a representant, a poor kind of comedian that *acts his part upon the stage of the world*, and *comes forth* with this or that office, thus and thus attended, or at least resembling such a person, and that when the play is done (which cannot be long) he must presently enter into *the trying-house of the grave*, and be turned to dust and ashes as one of the fons of the earth, which is the common mother of us all.

Is there not, in I. M.'s poor lines, an allusion to the last words of Augustus? *Vos omnes plaudite!*

PAGE 107.

For the lines quoted in the first extract Burton trusted to his memory, for in his own copy in the Bodleian Library, they run thus:

the bushes in the way
Some catch her neck, some kisse her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay:
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace.
Venus and Adonis, 1602. 4to. st. 146.

The second line, which is exactly as Burton quotes it, has lost the words "by the." In the British Museum copy of the same edition, that line runs thus :

Some catch her by the neck, fome kiffe her face,

The omission was probably detected after a few copies had been pulled, and corrected before the edition was worked off. The Edinburgh edition 1627 was evidently printed from one of the uncorrected copies of the edition of 1602, for it reads

Some catch her neck, and fome doe kiffe her face,

eking out the line by the addition of "and" and "doe."

In the second extract, the parenthesis, "like Benedict and Betteris in the comedie," was added in the third edition of Burton's book, issued in 1628. This is the earliest allusion to *Much ado about nothing*. "Betteris" is phonetic spelling: Beatrice was doubtless vulgarly so pronounced. The Marchioness of Newcastle, in one of her *Sociable Letters*, printed in the *Third Period*, spells the name *Bettrice*. Leonard Digges, however, (ante, p. 147) gives her three syllables.

The third extract quotes the concluding couplet of *Romeo and Juliet*. They run thus in the old folio :

For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

The old editions of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, bear the dates, 1621, 1624, 1628, 1632, 1638, 1651-2, 1660 and 1676. The British Museum has copies of the first three and the last. That of 1651-2 was the first published after Burton's death (Jan. 7, 1639). The first edition (1621) does not contain any of the passages quoted.

PAGE 108.

Compare this extract with the following :

One word more, I befeech you ; if you be not too much cloid with Fat Meate, our humble Author will continue the Story (with *Sir John* in it) and make you merry, with faire *Katherine of France* : where (for any thing I know) *Falstaffe* shall dye of a sweate, unlesse already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions : For *Old-Castle* dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man.

Epilogue to 2 *Henry IV.*

According to Mr. J. P. Collier, John Weever, in the dedication of his *Mirror of Martyrs*, 1601, distinguishes between "this first true Oldcastle" (his own) and "the second false Oldcastle ;" viz., that of Shakespeare's creation. (Ed. of Shakespeare, 1858, iii, 317, 423.)

PAGE 110.

Nathaniel Field (like Richard Brome, in his *Merrie Beggars* 1653, in a passage quoted in the *Third Period*) here refers to the speech of Falstaff, which concludes the first scene of 2 *Henry IV*, act v.

PAGE 111.

By the use of the expression "idle pamphlets" Brother Robinson did not necessarily intend (as Mr. Collier supposes, *Bibliog. and Crit. Account*, ii, 274) to depreciate Shakespeare's poem. An "idle pamphlet," at that time of day, meant one which afforded diversion rather than edification. Surely "scurrilous booke" (to which Mr. Collier takes no exception) implies a much graver charge ; and Sir Aston Cokaine imputes the same evil quality to Shakespeare's writings.

PAGE 112.

By an oversight the editor gave this passage from the folio 1630 instead of from the quarto 1620. It should properly have preceded the extract on p. 89.

Farmer says it is "impossible to give the original dates" of John Taylor's pieces. "He may be traced as an author for more than half a century." (Boswell's Malone, 1821, vol. i, p. 367.)

PAGE 114.

We have the choice of three early printed versions of Milton's lines: 1. The commendatory verses prefixed to the Folio Edition of Shakespeare, 1632. 2. Those appended to the unauthorised edition of Shakespeare's Poems, published in 1640. 3. The edition of Milton's poems published in 1645. We have preferred the first and least pleasing of the three, as being, unquestionably, Milton's first draft of the line: allowing, of course, that *part* is a press-error for "hart" (*i.e.*, heart). The other versions correct that error, and also have "weake" for *dull*, and "live-long" for *lasting*. The second, by a press-error, reads "our selfe" instead of *her selfe*. The third has "it selfe." In the Folio *Shakespeare* and *Fame* are in Italics.

The expression "star-ypointing pyramid" was doubtless intended to signify, *pointing to the stars*: and the prefix *y* is similarly used by Sackville, in his legend, entitled, *The Complaint of Henry Duke of Buckingham*. (Sackville-West's Ed., p. 140.)

"Sans earthly guilt ycaufing both be flain."

(See *Notes and Queries*, 4th S., iv, p. 331.) Had the line in Milton run

"Under a star-ypointed pyramid,"

the sense would have been, under a pyramid surmounted with a star. (See Marsh's *Lectures* by Dr. Wm. Smith, 1866, Lecture xv, p. 232, note.) One is reminded of some lines attributed to Shakespeare, quoted by many editors and biographers of Shakespeare.

"Not monumentall stone preserves our fame,
Nor skye-afpiring piramids our name,"

and the assertion, that each heart hath

"Those delphic lines with deep impresson took,"

recalls a passage in Shakespeare's *Lucrece*, where he speaks of

"The face, that map which deep impresson bears,
Of hard misfortune carved in it with tears."

Coleridge wrote the last four lines on the margin of one of Donne's letters to the Lady G., opposite the following passage :

'No prince would be loth to die that were assured of to fair a tomb to preserve his memory.' (Notes Th. Pol. and Misc., 1853, p. 258.)

Milton's meaning, however, is this. Every heart, by the plastic power of fancy, takes deep impression of Shakespeare's lines. Then, by deprivation of fancy, we are turned to marble; and we thus become an *inscribed monument* to Shakespeare. But the conceit is affected, and the conjugate use of "whilst" and "then" in these verses is, to say the least, very unusual.

PAGE 115.

We find Shakespeare treated as a name of "high qualitie," (*i. e.*, a heroic name) in a work called *Polydoron*, n. d. but of the relative period.

Names were first questionlesse given for distinction, facultie, confanguinitie, descent, qualitie: for Smith, Taylor, Joyner, Saddler, &c., were doubtlesse of the trades; Johnson, Robinfon, Williamfon, of the blood; Sackville, Saville, names of honorable descent; Armestrong, Shakespeare of high qualitie:

Shakespeare, as Fuller says, is *Hastivibrans* in Latin. In Greek it is Δορίπαλτος and Έγχεσπάλος. cf. Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iv, c. iii, st. 10.

He, all enraged, his shivering speare did shake,
And charging him afresh thus felly him befake.

Mr. Ruskin (*Fors Clavigera*: 15, 12) notes as a curious coincidence, "that the name of the chief poet of passionate Italy [was] 'the bearer of the wing,' and that of the chief poet of practical England, the bearer or shaker of the spear."

PAGE 117 AND 118.

Ben Jonson's verses were written as a vent for his indignation, after the failure of *The New Inn* had left him straitened and discomfited.

Owen Feltham's verses are a clever parody on Jonson's: Jug, Pierce, Peck, and Fly, are characters in Jonson's play. "Discourse so weighed" refers to the third and fourth acts of *The New Inn*.

T. Randolph, T. Carew, and J. Cleveland, all wrote odes to console Ben for his disappointment, and to win him back to his work. What an irritable, self-seeking, praise-loving old genius he was!

PAGE 120.

The editor has followed the example of all his predecessors in treating the letters, I. M. S. as the initials of the author's name: so he has placed them at the head of this noble composition. But it has not been without compunction that he has made this concession: for he is inclined to believe that those letters signify the words *In Memoriam Scriptoris*. The fact is—what has been often recognised—that this magnificent tribute to Shakespeare's worth is a sort of rival to that of Ben Jonson, thus ennobling the second folio, as Jonson's had graced the first. Now Jonson declared his poem to be *In Memory of the (deceased) Author, &c.*; so it is natural to look for some echo of this description in the rival poem: and these words might be precisely rendered by *In Memoriam Scriptoris (decessi)*, the last word being

quite unimportant. This reading leaves the field clear for conjecture on the identity of the Friendly Admirer. Apart from all attempt to fit the initials on a poet's name, only one conjecture has been made; viz., that of Boaden, in his *Inquiry*, 1824, p. 106. After dismissing the view that I. M. S. meant Jasper Mayne (Student), John Marston (Student, or Satirist), or John Milton (Senior), he advocates the claims of John Chapman, and makes out a plausible case for that admirable poet. A correspondent in *Notes and Queries* (2nd S : vii, 123) suggests J. M. (Scotus), identifying I. M. S. with the person who presented Chapman with the plate prefixed to his *Iliad*, and the probable author of the subscribed couplet, signed "Scotiæ Nobilis." Some time back the editor privately proposed to father this poem on Dr. John Donne. There are similarities of diction which countenance this view, and surely Donne was equal to the effort. On the other hand, it is impossible to extract from Donne's poems a piece of equal length which is not disfigured by some lines of amazing harshness; while in the poem of the Friendly Admirer there is little or no interruption to the majestic flow and delicious smoothness of the verse. Its reigning fault is a certain looseness of metaphor. It might serve to lament and praise *any* great dramatic poet; nothing is accurately significant of Shakespeare's peculiar genius: in this view the "curious robe" woven by the muses is an *eye-sore*: but the description of it is so exquisitely beautiful, that it provides the compensating *eye-salve*. William Godwin, (*Life of E. & J. Phillips*, 1815, p. 170) suggested that I. M. S. meant *John Milton Senior*: Mr. Collier in 1844 attributed the poem to *John Milton, Student*. The latter view has found an able advocate in Professor Henry Morley. But it is easily shown that the structure of the verse belongs to an earlier period than that of Milton.

The late Mr. Dyce (Ed. of Shakespeare, 1867) appears to favour the claim preferred for Jasper Mayne: but such an opinion only serves to show how little reliance can be placed upon Mr. Dyce's critical deliverances. The best of Mayne's verses, such as those pointed out by Mr. Dyce, and that praised by the late Mr. Bolton Corney (*Notes and Queries*, 4th S., II. 147) are merely respectable. His worst verses make us wonder what could have been the vanity that prompted them, and the flattery that praised them! Mayne might just as well have composed a poem comparable to *Paradise Lost*, as have written the elegy of the Friendly Admirer. But Mr. Dyce had as little sensibility to the higher graces of poetry as Samuel Johnson. Mr. Hunter's guess, that I. M. S. were the consonants of the name of some poet *James*, was the veriest trifling. If such a poet were to be discovered, the conjecture would still be out of court, for it is not a poet that we require, but a *very great* poet. Besides, in the editor's judgment, "*The Friendly Admirer*," implies that the author was an eminent rival of Shakespeare's, who bore him no envy.

A few notes on the text of this poem may be helpful. The first sixteen couplets consist of six substantive clauses (neither governed by nor governing any verb), terminated by full points, or signs of aposiopesis. These serve to convey the finest possible description of the dramatic function.

P. 121. Read:

"Make Kings his subjects by exchanging verse:"

i. e., by verse which effects the exchange. The last couplet on this page is echoed by Digges:

"Some second *Shake/peare* must of *Shake/peare* write."

P. 122. Though "the ninefold train" is mentioned, only eight Muses seem to be specified: unless, indeed,

"the melodious *pair*" be intended to designate Euterpe, Erato and Terpsichore. A pack of cards used to be called "a *pair* of cards"; and we still say "a *pair* of stairs": *pair* being a *set of matched things*.

Ibid: "Purléd": not *purled* (i.e., *embroidered*, as Boaden understood by it), but *rippled*; the poet could not say of a picture *purling*. But *purled* seems to have had also the sense of *embroidered*. See Gower's *Confessio Amantis* and Hall's *Henry VIII* for examples.

P. 123, "Living drawne"—i. e., drawn as if they were substantial things.

It may be safely asserted that no English encomiastic poem has ever come near this for graceful melodious verse and mastery of language. It is, besides, so free and unstudied, that one might well believe it was written "without blot."

PAGES 124 AND 127.

Habington refers to William Prynne, the author of the *Histrion-mastix* of 1633, from which we have given an extract. He supposes Prynne, under the genial stimulus of his rich sack, to put off the Puritan, and to toast the prince of playwrights. This Prynne is probably the second saint described in *Hudibras*, Part III, C. ii, ll. 421-4 & ll. 1065-6.

There was a former *Histrion-mastix*, published in 1610, which is said to contain an allusion to Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, I, 3: but there is evidence to prove that the book had, by some years, precedence of the play. Some critics have seen in the expression "mastick jaws" an allusion by Shakespeare to the *Histrion-mastix* of 1610: others an allusion to Decker's *Satyro-mastix*. Such fancies are wholly without foundation. The word "mastick" in *Troilus and Cressida* means either slimy, or gnashing, in either case conveying a singularly forcible and

offensive image of Thersites' jaws. "Mastick" is either from the Greek *μαστίχη*, the gum of the lentisk tree, or from the Latin *mastico*, the equivalent of the Greek *μαστιχάω*, from *μάσται*, the jaws: certainly not from *mastix*, which means a *whip* or *scourge*.

PAGE 126.

These are the first two lines of the tenth song in Shakespeare's *Passionate Pilgrim*. The song is included in Percy's *Reliques*, Vol. III, Book ii, 16.

PAGE 130.

It is the author of this finger-counting doggrel who is credited by some with the splendid elegy on Shakespeare, which we have given on pages 120-3. We had some compunction in reproducing Mayne's trashy verses at all: but we have not reproduced the italics, which could have had no possible meaning: *e.g.*, "Not his *roome*, but the *Poet* for *thy* grave." The lines on page 11 may serve, once for all, as a sample of this kind of printing. It was a fantastical trick of the time. See, for instances, Sir Roger L'Estrange's lines prefixed to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works*, 1647: those of Alexander Brome on Richard Brome, in the *Five New Plays*, 1653: and the first edition, 1682, of Dryden's *Religio Laici*.

PAGE 132.

West was probably thinking of *A Winter's Tale*: "A sad tale's best for winter," ii, 1, and "Upon a barren mountain, and still winter," iii, 2.

PAGE 133.

"Faul," for *fault*, occurs in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, i, 1. "His faul is in the 'ort *dissolutely*." In the mention of Jonson's command of Latin, Ramsay is probably thinking of his reflection on Shakespeare's "small Latin and less Greek."

PAGE 134.

This obscure but excellent poet writes that

the tales of Chaucer heralded the rise of our Chief (Jonson), as did also the unpolished band (of poets) who succeeded him. This god-like device (the Jonsonian comedy), but little suited to (the taste of) an early age, was to be reserved for ours; and it was fitting that the gods should rehearse the contests of that age, as a preparation for so great a genius; nor will I pass over in silence the twin-bards (Beaumont and Fletcher) nor Thee *Shakespeare*, or whatever (other) sacred (name) the plan of Fate has cast upon our times.

It was in Comedy that Jonson professed to have introduced new laws. He compliments Richard Brome, in verses prefixed to *The Northern Lass*, 1632 (acted in July, 1629), on the applause he had gained

"By observation of those comick laws
Which I, your master, first did teach the age."

Some years later Sir John Suckling (*Sessions of the Poets*) represents Ben asserting that

he had purg'd the stage
Of errors that had lasted many an age;

PAGE 136.

Chillingworth refers to 2 *Henry IV*, i, 2, where the Chief Justice's attendant says,

"I pray you Sir, then set your knighthood and your soldier-ship aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat," &c., to which Falstaff replies, "I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me!" &c.

PAGE 137.

The editor has not obtained a sight of this work. He gives the extract from Mr. Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*. Mr. Collier, however, quotes the passage from an edition of 1630. [8vo.] See his *Biog: & Cr: Account*, vol. ii, pp. 335-6.

PAGES 143 & 146.

In his first copy of verses Leonard Digges speaks twice of Shakespeare's *Works*. In his second he refuses that term to the plays, because it was to Shakespeare no work "to contrive a play." H. Fitzgeoffrey thus writes in his *Certaine Elegies*, 1620 (Book i, Sat. i.):

Bookes made of Ballades, Workes of Playes,
and Sir John Suckling, in his *Sessions of the Poets*,
writes,

The first that broke silence was good old Ben,
Prepar'd before with Canary wine,
And he told them plainly he deserv'd the bays,
For his were call'd works, where others were but plays.

The fact is that Jonson had in 1616 issued his Plays under the title of *Workes*. Perhaps the joke at page 139, in the extract from *Conceits, Clinches, &c.*, had no reference to this; the *works* there referred to seem to be Shakespeare's *good works*: still there is the same opposition to plays and books. In 1640 the second edition of *Conceits, Clinches, &c.*, was published under the name of *Jocabella, or a Cabinet of Conceits whereunto are added Epigrams and other poems*. [4to.]

When Digges writes
Vermine forbear,
Least with your froth you spot them, come not neere;
But if you needs must write, if poverty
So pinch, that otherwife you starve and die, &c.

he is specially referring to Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, where Ben says of the Marston faction,

If it gave 'em Meat,
Or got 'em Clothes, 'tis well.

and there is also a remembrance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and in particular of the words

Newts and blindworms do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.

Digges' verses are curious and valuable, as a testimony

to the supreme popularity of *Julius Cæsar*, *Othello*, *Henry IV*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and *Twelfth Night*. They also show that Ben Jonson had reason for viewing Shakespeare's success with jealousy. We know that his *New Inn* was a complete failure, as it deserved to be. We learn from Digges, that even *Catiline* and *Sejanus* were found tedious and irksome.

PAGE 149.

And VIRBIUS like: *Virbius* is the name borne by Hippolytus, after his revival. See Virgil's *Æneid*, lib. vii. Conington (1867, p. 257) thus renders the relative passage :

But Trivia kind her favourite hides,
And to Egeria's care confides,
To live in woods obscure and lone,
And lose in Virbius' name his own.

There may be an allusion to the little volume called *Jonsonus Virbius* (Jonson Revived), a collection of verses in praise of Ben Jonson, published in the next year after his death, and two years before the publication of Warren's verses. The title, *Jonsonus Virbius*, was, according to Aubrey, given to this little work by Lord Falkland. cf., the couplet,

Whose Pious Cœmetery shall still keep
Thy *Virbius* waking, though thy *Ashes* sleep.

which occur in a copy of verses by Robert Gardiner prefixed to Cartwright's works, ed. 1651.

'Tis [*Benson's*] love, &c. The publisher's name has been conjecturally added, to eke out the verse, and complete the sense.

PAGE 150.

This is a creditable copy of verses, reminding one of Ben Jonson. The line

Let learned *Jonson* sing a Dirge for thee,

proved that they were written in Jonson's lifetime : and he died 1637. The best lines in it, "Nature

herself," &c., closely resemble a couplet in Ben's elegy :

Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to weare the dressing of his lines.

PAGE 153.

In the last line of the first verse, D'Avenant seems to be recalling a line in Milton's *Lycidas* :

And cowflips wan that hang the pensive head.

The third verse is sufficient to prove that D'Avenant had an ear.

PAGE 154.

Suckling would appear to have employed a version of Shakespeare's poem which materially differs from that known to us. Each stanza of *The Rape of Lucrece*, in all the old copies, has seven lines : the complete one given by Suckling has but six. But it is more likely that he curtailed and otherwise altered Shakespeare's lines. The relative stanzas ran thus in *England's Parnassus*, 1600 [4to], p. 460 :

Her lilly hand her rosie cheekes lies under,
Coofning the pillow of a lawfull kisse,
Who, therefore angry, feesmes to part in funder,
Swelling on eyther side to want his blisse,
Betweene whose hills her head entombd is ;
Where, like a vertuous monument, she lyes,
To be admird of lewd unhallowd eyes.

Without the bed, her other fayre hand was
On the greene coverlet, whose perfect white
Shewd like an Aprill daisie on the grasse,
With pearlie sweate, refembling dew of night.

It is almost impossible to date many of Suckling's pieces. Even the exact date of his death is unknown. We know, however, that he died in the year 1642. Like Raphael and Mozart, he lived but thirty-four years.

ERRATUM.

P. 110, l. 3 of extract, for "ever" read "never."

SHAKESPEARE'S
CENTURIE OF PRAYSE.

THIRD PERIOD.

1642 — 1660.

BB

.



1644.

AULICUS keeps to the old way of devotion, and that is the offering up the incense of so many lies and intelligence every Sunday morning: one would thinke that the Judgements which have been sent from heaven against the prophanation of that day, recorded by our protomartyr, Master Burton, should be able to deterre a Diurnall maker, a paper-intelligencer, a penny worthe of newes, but the creature hath writ himselfe into a reprobate sense, and you may see how it thrives with him, for his braines have been wonderfully blasted of late, and plannet-strucke, and he is not now able to provoke the meanest Christian to laughter, but lies in a paire of foule sheets, a wofull spectacle and object of dullnesse, and tribulation, not to be recovered by the Protestant or Catholique liquour, either ale or strong beer, or Sack or Claret, or Hippocras, or Muscadine, or Rosaspilis, which has been reputed formerly by his Grandfather Ben Johnson and his uncle Shakespeare, and his Cowzen Germans,

Fletcher and Beaumont, and nose-lesse Davenant, and Frier Sherley the Poets, the onely blossoms for the brain, the restoratives for the wit, the bathing for the wine mufes, but none of these are now able either to warme him into a quibble, or to inflame him into a sparkle of invention, and all this because he hath prophaned the Sabbath by his pen.

Mercurius Britannicus: Numb. 20 (January 4-11, 1644). Communicating the affaires of Great Britaine: For the better Information of the People.

THOMAS PRUJEAN, 1644.

The Argument of Romeos and Juliets :

ROMEO and Juliet issues of two
 enimies, Montegue and Capulet,
 Citizens of Verona, fell in love one
 with the other : hee going to give her a vifit
 meetes Tybalt her kinsman, who urging a
 fight was flaine by him : for this Romeo was
 banished and refided at Mantua, where he
 received an Epiftle from Juliet.

Love's Looking Glaffe Divine and Humane.
 [The fecond part of "Aurorata."] *(Epiftles from Juliet to Romeo, and from*
Romeo to Juliet.) 1644. [8vo.]

[JAMES SHIRLEY], 1647.

BUT directed by the example of some,
 who once steered in our qualitie,
 and so fortunately aspired to choofe
 your *Honour*, joyned with your (now glorified)
Brother, Patrons to the flowing compositions
 of the then expired sweet *Swan* of *Avon*
 SHAKESPEARE; * * we have prefumed
 to offer to your *Selfe*, what before was never
 printed of these *Authours*.

*The dedicatory epistle of ten players "to Philip
 Earle of Pembroke and Mountgomery."
 Prefixed to the first edition of Beaumont
 and Fletcher's Works: 1647. [Fö.]*

SIR JOHN DENHAM, 1647.



HEN was wits Empire at the fatall
height,

When labouring and sinking with
its weight,
From thence a thousand lesser Poets sprong,
Like petty Princes from the Fall of *Rome*,
When JOHNSON, SHAKESPEARE, and thy selfe
did sit,

And sway'd in the Triumvirate of Wit—
Yet what from JOHNSON'S oyle, and sweate did
flow,

Or what more easie nature did bestow
On SHAKESPEARES gentler Muse, in thee full
growne

Their Graces both appeare, yet so, that none
Can say here Nature ends, and Art begins
But mixt like th' Elements, and borne like
twins,

So interweav'd, so like, so much the fame,
None this meere Nature, that meere Art can
name :

*Commendatory Verses on John Fletcher, pre-
fixed to the first edition of Beaumont and
Fletcher's Works.*

JAMES HOWELL, 1647.



AD now grim BEN bin breathing, with
 what rage
 And high-fwolne fury had he lash'd
 the age,
 SHAKESPEARE with CHAPMAN had grown
 madd, and torn
 Their gentle *Sock*, and lofty *Buskins* worne,
 To make their Muse welter up to the chin
 In blood;

*Commendatory Verses "upon Master Fletcher's
 Dramatic Works." Prefixed to the first
 edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's Works.*

SIR GEORGE BUCK, 1647.



LET *Shakespeare, Chapman*, and applauded *Ben*,
 Weare the Eternall merit of their
 Pen,
 Here I am love-ficke : and were I to chuse,
 A Miftris corrivall 'tis *Fletcher's* Muse.

*Prefixed to the first edition of Beaumont and
 Fletcher's Works.*

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT, 1647.



WIXT *Johnson's* grave, and *Shake-
speare's* lighter found

His Muse so sleek'd that something
still was found,
Nor this, nor that, nor both, but so his owne,
That'twas his marke, and he was by it knowne.

* * * *

Shakespeare to thee was dull, whose best jest
lyes

I' th' Ladies questions, and the Fooles replies;
Old fashion'd wit, which walkt from town to
town

In turn'd Hofs, which our fathers call'd the
Clown ;

Whose wit our nice times would obsceneesse
call,

And which made Bawdry pafs for Comickall :
Nature was all his Art, thy veine was free
As his, but without his scurility ;

*“ Upon the Dramatick Poems of Mr. John
Fletcher : ” prefixed to the first edition of
Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, and in-
cluded (under that title) in Cartwright's
Comedies, Tragi-comedies, and Poems, 1651
[sm. 8vo], pp. 270 and 273.*

J. BERKENHEAD, 1647.



HAKESPEAR was early up, and
 went so drest
 As for those *dawning* houres he
 knew was best ;
 But when the Sun shone forth, *You Two*
 thought fit
 To weare just Robes, and leave off Trunk-
 hofe-Wit.

* * * *

Brave *Shakepeare* flow'd, yet had his Ebbings
 too,
 Often above Himselfe, sometimes below ;
 Thou Always Best ; if ought seem'd to decline,
 'Twas the unjudging Rout's mistake, not ^[mob's]
 Thine :

*Prefixed to the First Folio Edition of Beaumont
 and Fletcher's Works.*


JOHN MILTON, 1645.



T HEN to the well-trod stage anon,
 If *Jonsons* learned Sock be on,
 Or sweetest *Shakefpear* fancies
 child,
 Warble his native Wood-notes wilde,

Poems. 1645. [12mo.] *L'Allegro*, p. 36.

JOHN MILTON, 1649.

 FROM Stories of this nature both Ancient and Modern which abound, the Poets also, and some English, have been in this Point so mindful of *Decorum*, as to put never more pious Words in the Mouth of any Person, then of a Tyrant. I shall not instance an abstruse Author, wherein the King might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the Closet Companion of these his Solitudes, *William Shakespeare*; who introduces the Person of *Richard* the Third, speaking, in as high a strain of Piety, and mortification, as is uttered in any passage of this Book [*Εικὼν Βασιλική*] and sometimes to the same sense and purpose with some words in this Place, *I intended*, faith he, *not only to oblige my Friends, but mine Enemies*. The like faith *Richard*, *Act 2, Scen. 1.*

*"I do not know that English Man alive,
With whom my Soul is any jot at odds,
More than the Infant that is born to night;
I thank my God for my Humility."*

Other stuff of this sort may be read throughout the whole Tragedy, wherein the Poet us'd not much Licence in departing from the Truth of History, which delivers him a deep Dissembler, not of his affections only, but of Religion.

Ἐικονοκλάστης, § 1. 1690 [*sm. 8vo*], pp.
9-10.

J. COOKE, 1649 *Circa.*



AD King Charles but studied scripture
half so much as Ben Jonson or
Shakespeare, he would have learned
that when Amaziah [&c.]

[cf. 2 Kings xiv &
2 Chron. xxv.]

*Appeal to all Rational Men on King Charles's
Trial.*

SAMUEL SHEPPARD, 1646.



EE him whose Tragic Sceans EURI-
PIDES

Doth equal, and with SOPHOCLES we
may

Compare great SHAKESPEARE—ARISTOPHANES
Never like him, his Fancy could display ;
Witness the Prince of *Tyre*, his Pericles,
His sweet and his to be admired lay
He wrote of lustful *Tarquins* rape shews he
Did understand the depth of Poetrie.

The Times Displayed in Six Septyads. 1646.
[4to.]

The sixth Septyad : St. 9.

The sixth { *Apollo grieves to see the times*
So pestered with mechanic slavish rimes.

Scribimus indoctique Poemata passim.

SAMUEL SHEPPARD, 1651.

*To Mr. Davenport on his Play called the
Pirate.*



MAKE all the cloth you can, haste,
haste away, [Set all the
canvass.]

The Pirate will o'retake you if you

stay:

Nay, we will yeeld our selves, and this confesse,
Thou Rival'st *Shakespeare*, though thy glory's
lesse.

*Epigrams Theological, Philosophical, and
Romantick. Six Books, &c. 1651. [sm.
8vo.] Book 2. Epig. 19, p. 27.*

SAMUEL SHEPPARD, 1651.

*On Mr. Davenants most excellent Tragedy of
Albovinek of Lombards.*



HAKESPEARES Othello, John-
sons Cataline,
Would lose the their luster, were thy
Albovine

Placed betwixt them, and as when the Sunne,
Doth whirling in his fiery Chariot runne,
All other lights burn dim, so this thy play,
Shall be accepted as the Sun-shine day:
While other witts (like Tapers) onely seems
Good in the want of thy Refulgent beames.
This Tragedy (let who list dare dissent)
Shall be thy everlasting Monument.

*Epigrams Theological, Philosophical, and
Romantick. Six Books, &c. 1651. [sm.
8vo.] Book 4, Epig. 30, p. 98.*

SAMUEL SHEPPARD, 1651.

In Memory of our Famous Shakespeare.

1.



ACRED Spirit, while thy *Lyre*
Ecchoed o're the *Arcadian* Plaines,
Even *Apollo* did admire,
Orpheus wondered at thy Straines.

2.

Plautus Sigh'd, *Sophocles* wept
Teares of anger, for to heare
After they so long had slept,
So bright a *Genius* should appeare :

3.

Who wrote his Lines with a Sunne-beame,
More durable then Time or Fate,
Others boldly do Blaspheme,
Like those that seeme to Preach, but prate.

4.

Thou wert truly Priest Elect,
Chosen darling to the Nine,
Such a Trophey to erect
(By thy wit and skill Divine).

5.


That were all their other Glories
 (Thine excepted) torn away,
 By thy admirable Stories,
 Their garments ever shall be gay.

6.

Where thy honoured bones do lie
 (As *Statius* once to *Maro's* Urne)
 Thither every year will I
 Slowly tread, and fadly mourn.

*Epigrams Theological, Philosophical, and
 Romantick. Six Books, &c. 1651. [sm.
 8vo.] Book 6, Epig. 17, pp. 150, 152,
 and 154.*

1650 *circa*.

 R. Ben : Johnson and Mr. Wm. Shakespeare, Being Merrye att a Tavern
Mr. Jonson haveing begune this for
his epitaph.

Here lies Ben Johnson that once was one [one's son]
he gives ytt to Mr. Shakspear to make uppe
who pſently wrighte

Who while hee livede was a ſhoe thing
and now being dead is Nothing.

Manuscript, vol. 38, p. 181. Ashmolean Collection. First printed in Capell's Notes on Shakespeare. i. 94.

SIR NICHOLAS L'ESTRANGE, 1650-60.

SHAKESPEARE was Godfather to one of Ben: Johnsons children, and after the christning being in a deepe study, Johnson came to cheere him up, and askt him why he was so Melancholy? no faith Ben: (says he) not I, but I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my God-child, and I have resolv'd at last; I pry'the what, sayes he? I faith Ben: I'll e'en give him a douzen good Lattin Spoones, and thou shalt translate them.

*Merry Passages and Feasts. No. 11. Har-
leyian Manuscripts, No. 6395. First printed
in Capell's Notes on Shakespear. i. 94.*

WILLIAM BELL, 1651.



OW had we lost both Mint, and Coyn
too, were
That saluage love still fashionable
here,
To sacrifice upon the Funerall Wood
All, the deceas'd had e'r held deer and good?
We would bring all our speed to ranfome
thine
With *Don's* rich *Gold*, and *Johnson's* siluer
Mine;
Then to the pile add all that *Fletcher* writ,
Stamp'd by thy Character a currant Wit:
Suckling's Ore, with *Sherley's* small mony, by
Heywood's old Iron, and *Shakefpear's* Al-
chemy.

*Prefixed to Wm. Cartwright's Comedies, Tragi-
comedies, and Poems. (June 23) 1651.
[sm. 8vo.]*

JASPER MAYNE, 1651.



OR thou to Nature had'st joyn' Art
and skill,
In Thee *Ben Johnson* still held
Shakeſpear's Quill :

*Prefixed to Wm. Cartwright's Comedies, Tragi-
comedies, and Poems. 1651. [sm. 8vo.]*

1651.



*P*OETA is her *Minion*, to whom she
 [Eloquentia] resignes the whole
 government of her Family. * *
Ovid she makes *Major-domo*. *Homer* because
 a merrie Greek, Master of the Wine-Cellars.
Aretine (for his skill in Postures) growing old,
 is made Pander, *Shack-Spear*, Butler. *Ben*
Johnson, Clark of the Kitchin, *Fenner* his
 Turn-spit, And *Taylor* his Scullion.

A Hermeticall Banquet, dreft by a Spagiricall
Cook: for the better Preservation of the
Microcosme. 1652. [12mo.] p. 35.

JO. TATHAM, 1652.



HERE is a Faction (Friend) in
Town, that cries,
Down with the *Dagon-Poet*, *Johnfon*
dies.

His Works were too elaborate, not fit
To come within the Verge, or face of *Wit*.
Beaumont and *Fletcher* (they say) perhaps,
might
Passe (well) for currant Coin, in a dark night :
But *Shakespeare* the *Plebeian* Driller, was
Founder'd in 's *Pericles*, and must not pass.
And so, at all men flie, that have but been
Thought worthy of Applause ; therefore, their
spleen.
Ingratefull *Negro-kinde*, dart you your Rage
Against the Beams that warm'd you, and the
Stage !

*Prefixed to A Joviall Crew : or The Merry
Beggars, by Richard Brome. (Presented
&c. in yeer 1641.) 1652. [4to.]*

ALEXANDER BROME, 1653.

BUT in Epistles of this nature, something is usually begg'd, and I would do so too, but, I vow, am puzzled, *what*. 'Tis not *acceptance*, for then youle expect I should *give it*; 'tis not *Money*, for then I shou'd lose my *labour*; 'tis not *praise*, for the *Author* bid me tell you, that now he is dead, he is of *Falstaffs* minde, and cares not for *Honour*; 'tis not *pardon*, for that supposes a fault, which (I beleeve) you cannot finde.

Five New Plays by Richard Brome. 1653.
[4to.] (*To the Readers.*)

SIR ASTON COKAINE, 1653.



UDICIOUS *Beaumont*, and th' Ingenious Soule
Of *Fletcher* too may move without controule.

Shakespeare (more rich in *Humours*) entertaine
The crowded *Theaters* with his happy veine.
Davenant and *Maffinger*, and *Sherley*, then
Shall be cry'd up again for Famous men.

"A *Preludium* to Mr. RICHARD BROME'S
Playes," *Prefixed to Five New Playes*, 1653
[4to], and included in *Cokaine's Small
Poems*, 1658. [12mo.] Pp. 108-9.

SIR ASTON COKAINE, 1658.

NOW *Stratford* upon *Avon*, we would
 choofe
 Thy gentle and ingenuous *Shake-
 speare* Mufe,
 (Were he among the living yet) to raife
 T' our Antiquaries merit fome juſt praife:
 And fweet-tongu'd *Drayton* (that hath given
 renown
 Unto a poor (before) and obſcure town,
 Harfull) were he not fal'n into his tombe,
 Would crown this work with an Encomium.
 Our *Warwickſhire* the Heart of *England* is,
 As you moſt evidently have prov'd by this;

Small Poems of Divers Sorts. 1658. [sm.
 8vo.] To William Dugdale. p. 111-112.

SIR ASTON COKAINE, 1658.

To Mr. John Honyman.



ON hopefull youth, and let thy happy
strain
Redeem the Glory of the Stage again:
Lesse the Los of *Shakespeares* death by thy
Succesful Pen, and fortunate phantasie.
He did not onely write but act; And so
Thou dost not onely act, but writest too:
Between you there no difference appears
But what may be made up with equal years.
This is my Suffrage, and I scorn my Pen
Should crown the heads of undeserving men

Small Poems of Divers Sorts. 1658. [sm.
8vo.] *Book I, Epig.* 10, p. 140-141.

SIR ASTON COKAINE, 1658.

To Mr. Clement Fisher of Wincott.



HAKESPEARE your *Wincot* Ale
hath much renownd,

That fo'xd a Beggar fo (by chance
was found

Sleeping) that there needed not many a word

To make him to believe he was a Lord:

But you affirm (and in it seem most eager)

'Twill make a Lord as drunk as any Beggar.

Bid *Norton* brew such Ale as *Shakespeare*
fancies

Did put *Kit Sly* into such Lordly trances:

And let us meet there (for a fit of Gladness)

And drink our selves merry in sober sadness.

Small Poems of Divers Sorts. 1658. [sm.
8vo.] *Book II, Epig.* 69, p. 224 [mis-
paged 124].

SIR RICHARD BAKER, 1653.

AFTER such men, it might be thought ridiculous to speak of Stage-players; but seeing excellency in the meanest things deserve remembring, and *Roscus* the Comedian is recorded in History with such commendation, it may be allowed us to do the like with some of our Nation. *Richard Bourbidge* and *Edward Allen*, two such Actors as no age must ever look to see the like: and, to make their Comedies compleat, *Richard Tarleton*, who for the Part called the Clowns Part, never had his match, never will have. For Writers of Playes, and such as had been Players themselves, *William Shakespeare*, and *Benjamin Johnson*, have specially left their Names recommended to posterity.

Sir Richard Bakers Chronicle. 1653. [fo.]
p. 581. (Ed. 1665, p. 424.)

SIR WILLIAM DUGDALE, 1653.



HAKESPEARES and John
Combes Monum^{ts}, at Stratford sup'
Avon, made by one Gerard John-
fon.

*Sir Wm. Dugdale's Diary. The first entry in
1653. Printed in The Life, Diary, and
Correspondence of Sir Wm. Dugdale, edited
by Wm. Hamper. 1827. p. 99.*

1656.

On the Time-Poets.

NE night, the great Apollo, pleas'd
 with Ben,
 Made the odde number of the
 Muses ten ;
 The fluent Fletcher, Beaumont rich in sense,
 In complement and courtships quintessence ;
 Ingenious Shakespeare ; Massinger, that knowes
 The strength of plot to write in verse or prose,
 Whose easie Pegassus will amble ore
 Some threescore miles of fancy in an hour ;
 Cloud-grapling Chapman, whose aerial minde
 Soares at philosophy, and strikes it blinde ;
 &c.

*Choyce Drollery, Songs, and Sonnets, being a
 collection of divers excellent pieces of poetry
 of severall eminent authors, never before
 printed. Anon. 1656. [12mo.]*

SAMUEL HOLLAND, 1656.



HE fire of emulation burnt fiercely in every angle of this paradise: The Brittish Bards (forfooth) were also ingaged in quarrel for superiority; and who think you threw the apple of discord amongst them, but *Ben Johnson*, who had openly vaunted himself the first and best of English Poets: this Brave was resented by all with the highest indignation: for *Chawcer* (by most there) was esteemed the Father of English Poesie whose onely unhappines it was, that he was made for the time he lived in, but the time not for him: *Chapman* was wondrously exasperated at *Ben's* boldness, and scarce refrained to tell (his own *Tale of a Tub*) that his *Isabel and Mortimer* was now compleated by a knighted poet whose soul remained in flesh: hereupon *Spencer* (who was very busie in finishing his *Fairy Queen*) thrust himself amid the throng, and was received with a showt by *Chapman*, *Harrington*, *Owen*, *Constable*, *Daniel*, and *Drayton*, so that some thought the matter already decided but behold *Shakepear* and *Fletcher* (bringing with them a strong party) appeared, as if


they meant to water their bayes with blood, rather then part with their proper right, which indeed Apollo and the Muses had (with much justice) conferred upon them, so that now there is likely to be a trouble in Triplex ; *Skelton*, *Gower* and the *Monk of Bury* were at daggers-drawing for *Chaucer*: Spencer waited upon by a numerous troop of the best book-men of the world: *Shakespeare* and *Fletcher* furrounded with their Life-Guard viz. *Goffe*, *Maffinger*, *Decker*, *Webster*, *Sucklin*, *Cartright*, *Carew*, &c.

Wit and Fancy in a Maze. (*Don Zara del Fogo.*) London. 1656. [8vo.] Book II, chapter iv.

1658.

AND for this purpose we have here
 prefixt Ben Johnson's own testimony
 to his Servant our *Author*; we grant
 it is (according to *Ben's* own nature and
 custome) magisterial enough; and who looks
 for other, since he said to *Shakespeare*——*I*
will draw envy on thy name (by writing in his
 praise) and threw in his face—*small Latine*
and les's Greek;

*Five New Playes, by Richard Brome. To the
 Readers. 1658-9. [8vo.] (Anon.)*

 ILLT thou be fatt, Ile tell thee how
 Thou shalt quickly do the feat,
 And that so plump a thing as thou
 Was never yet made up of meat.
 Drink off thy Sack ! 'twas onely that
 Made Bacchus and Jack Falstafe fatt, fatt.

*A Catch: (Stanza I.) occurring on p. 72 of An
 Antidote against Melancholy: Made up in
 Pills, compounded of Witty Ballads, Jovial
 Songs and Merry Catches. 1661. [4to.]
 (The Catch anon, and of earlier date.)*

Elucidations
TO
THE THIRD PERIOD
OF
SHAKESPEARE'S CENTURIE OF PRAYSE.



ELUCIDATIONS.

—o—

PAGE 191.

The *Third Period* opens with a curious extract from one of the *Mercuries*, or Newspapers, of the Rebellion. This extract is a Puritanical attack on "the old way of devotion," viz., the publication of a Sunday Newspaper. It must be borne in mind that the Theatres were now closed by order of the Parliament, though in point of fact the prohibition had not succeeded in wholly putting down theatrical performances. The Theatres had been temporarily closed in June, 1600, and again on May 1st, 1636, on account of the plague. Civil war broke out in August, 1642; the first battle being fought on September 22 in that year. The first order of Parliament for closing the Theatres was dated September 2, 1642; and this being found ineffectual to suppress stage-plays, a more stringent order was promulgated in 1647, bearing date Oct. 22. The first play performed after this time was the *Siege of Rhodes*, fourteen years after. Our *Third Period*, however, is continued till the Restoration, 1660: when the floodgates of pleasure were once more opened, and the stage was deluged with theatrical licentiousness.

The "Master Burton" here referred to was the Rev. Henry Burton, the Puritan author, who suffered (with Prynne and Dr. Bastwicke) in 1636, for publishing a tract entitled "For God and the King." See *A New Discovery of the Prelates Tyranny*. 1641. [4to.]

Restored to liberty in 1640, he wrote his life, published in 1643. He died in 1648.

PAGE 193.

This extract and those on pp. 48, 111, and 225 I have derived from Mr. Collier's *Biog. and Cr. Account of Rare Books*. 1865.

PAGE 194.

Shirley here adopts Ben Jonson's graceful *sobriquet* for Shakespeare: "Sweet Swan of Avon" (p. 101).

PAGE 198.

Canon Kingsley calls Cartwright a "wondrous youth." (*Essays*. 1872. p. 58.) The fact is, he was not a good poet; but for his manifold and precocious accomplishments he might have been nicknamed *Drusus*, and in one respect the name would have fitted him better than it did Shakespeare, for Cartwright died young. Like Jaspar Mayne, he was a dramatist in Holy Orders; but he wrote twice as many plays as Mayne: viz., four.

PAGE 201.

In the editor's judgment Malone was in error in taking these remarks to imply a rebuke to Charles I for making Shakespeare his closet-companion. Milton merely takes a book which he knew was a favourite with the king, and out of it reads him a lesson. Apart from the single word "stuff," there is nothing like disparagement of Shakespeare in his remarks; and the contemptuous use of that word is the growth of a later age. Milton uses it also in the Introduction to *Samson Agonistes*, 1671. Having alluded to a tragedy named *Christ Suffering*, attributed to St. Gregory Nazianzen, Milton writes,

This is mention'd to vindicate Tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common Interludes; hap'ning through the Poets error of intermixing Comic stuff with Tragic fadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people.

Of that sort of Dramatic Poem which is call'd Tragedy.

It can hardly be pretended that "stuff" is here used as antithetic to "sadness" or "gravity."

PAGE 206.

The first line of the second verse almost requires us to read "Sophócles." The lyric, as a whole, is very weak: but it has one good line—the last.

PAGE 208.

Mr. Halliwell, after Capell, misprints "slow thing" for "shoe thing": *shoe* is the early orthography of *show* (see ante, p. 16). "A shoe thing" meant a player (q. d. a poor thing that lives by show). According to this view "shoe thing" (show-thing), like "Shake-scene," is a neologism, and a term of reproach and contempt. Both coinages, then, bear witness to the low estate of the actor before the Restoration. John Davies' *Microcosmos* (from which we have given an extract on p. 42) was published in the same year as the first quarto edition of *Hamlet*, when, one may suppose, the player was at his lowest. Davies thus comments on the mixture of pride and baseness exhibited in such an one—

Good God! that ever *pride* should stoop so low,
That is by nature so exceeding hie:
Bafe *pride*, didst thou thy selfe, or others know,
Wouldst thou in *harts* of Apish *Affors* lie,
That for a *Cue* wil fel their *Qualitie*?
Yet they through thy perfwasion (being strong)
Doe weene they merit *immortality*,

Onely becaufe (forfooth) they use their *Tongue*,
To speake as they are taught, or right or *wronge*.

If *pride* ascende the *stage* (ð bafe ascent)
Al men may fee her, for nought comes thereon
But to be seene, and where *Vice* should be shent,
Yea, made most odious to ev'ry one,
In blazing her by demonstration
Then *pride* that is more than most vicious,
Should there endure open damnation,
And so shee doth, for shee's most odious
In *Men* most bafe, that are ambitious.

Microcosmos, &c. 1603. [4to.] Sig. Ff 3. pp. 214-5.

Mr. Halliwell writes,

"The conclusion of the first line of the epitaph should probably be 'that was *one's son*,' for in an early MS. common-place book I have seen the following lines:—

B. Johnson in seipsum,—
Heere lies Johnson,
Who was one's sonne:
Hee had a little hayre on his chin,
His name was Benjamin!"

Life of Shakespeare. 1848. p. 186.

PAGE 209.

It has been inferred from L'Estrange's note on this anecdote that he had derived it from Dr. John Donne. At the end of this first book is a list of *authorities* for 603 of the anecdotes, there being a few additional ones without any authorities: this list is at foot of fol. 89-91 b. In this we find that No. 4 is referred to "Mr. Dunn," Nos. 11 and 12 to "Mr. Dun:" (where the : is doubtless—as in all other cases—a sign of abbreviation); Nos. 26, 56, and others to "Mr. Donne." One of the authorities is Captain Duncombe: whence it would appear that "Dun:" may be an abbreviation of *Duncombe*. Dr. John Donne is not mentioned at all.

PAGE 212.

Here are associated, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Fennor, and John Taylor. In *Certaine Elegies, &c.*, by H. Fitzgeoffrey, 1620, we have

Taylor the Ferriman,
Fennor with his Unisounding eare word ;

whatever that may mean. (Collier's *Hist. of Dramat. Poetry*. iii. 388.) The association of Taylor and Fennor was due to their wit-combats in 1614. See, *A cast over the Water to William Fennor*. Taylor's *Works*. 1630. [Fo.]

PAGE 213.

Of course it is the faction opposed to Tatham who thus denounces Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Shakespeare. As to Shakespeare being "founder'd in's *Pericles*," the libel is disproved by the extract from *Pimlyco* and that from *The Hog hath lost his Pearl* (pp. 58 and 64). But Owen Feltham's testimony (p. 118) may be taken for the fact that the Gower interlude and the brothel-scenes in *Pericles* had scandalised, and caused "deep displeasure" to, the friends of public morality.

PAGE 218.

Cokaine alludes, of course, to the *Induction of The Taming of the Shrew*: naturally so, if, as appears, the scene of that is Wincot, or Wilnecote. See Sly's third speech, *Induction* : sc. 2.

PAGE 220.

For an account of Shakespeare's monument and tombstone, with plates, see Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire*.

Mr. Hamper, in a Note to Dugdale's *Diary*, &c., refers to "a notice of this sculptor (Gerard Johnson) in the *Certificate of Foreigners in London*, A.D. 1593 : printed in Appendix II."

In Dugdale's collection of monumental inscriptions : Salop : [1663] he calls Shakespeare "the late famous Tragedian."

PAGE 221.

The lines 5—8 are quoted by Gerard Langbaine (s. n. Massinger) in his *Account of the English Dramatick Poets*, 1691 ; where they are assigned to "an old poet" : so he knew no more than we who was the author of the poem. His version has "ramble" for *amble* ; an error which we conjecturally set right, before we had collated it with the text reprinted in the *Shakespeare Society's Papers*, vol. iii, p. 172. It is in this piece that we meet with a compliment on Ben Jonson's servant and *collaborateur*, Richard Broome, or Broom, which in another form did duty for W. Broome, Pope's assistant. Here we have,

Sent by Ben Johnson, as some authors say,
Broom went before, and kindly swept the way ;

which a century later assumed this form :

Pope came off clean with Homer ; but they say,
Broome went before, and kindly swept the way.

I. D'Israeli supposed this epigram to be borrowed from a line in Owen Feltham's Ode, "Ben, do not leave the stage," &c., st. iv, l. 4.

PAGE 222.

The scene of this strange romance is laid in Elysium, where the poets take sides with Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare and Fletcher, against the arrogant self-assertion of Ben Jonson.

PAGE 224.

See our remarks on p. 170. Perhaps, however, this writer takes Jonson to mean,

I am so ample to your book and fame, that I may make others envious of you, for the honour of my encomium, who am usually so sparing of praise: but I do not write with that object.



SHAKESPEARE'S
CENTURIE OF PRAYSE.



FOURTH PERIOD.

1660 — 1693.

HH



RICHARD FLECKNOE, 1660. *Circa.*

IN this time were Poets and Actors
in their greatest flourish, Johnson,
Shakeſpear, with Beaumont and
Fletcher, their Poets, and Field and Bur-
bidge their Actors.

For Playes Shakeſpear was one of the firſt
who invented the Dramatick Stile, from dull
Hiſtory to quick Comedy, upon whom John-
ſon refin'd, as Beaumont and Fletcher firſt
writ in the Heroick way, upon whom Suck-
ling and others endeavoured to refine agen ;
one ſaying wittily of his Aglaurs, that 'twas
full of fine flowers, but they ſeem'd rather
ſtuck, then growing there ; as another of
Shakeſpear's writings, that 'twas a fine Gar-
den, but it wanted weeding.

* * * * *

To compare our Engliſh Dramatick Poets
together (without taxing them) Shakeſpear
excelled in a natural Vein, Fletcher in Wit,
and Johnſon in Gravity and ponderouſneſs
of Style ; whoſe onely fault was, he was too
elaborate ; and had he mixt leſs erudition
with his Playes, they had been more pleaſant

and delightful then they are. Comparing him with Shakespear, you shall see the difference betwixt Nature and Art ; and with Fletcher, the difference between Wit and Judgement : Wit being an exuberant thing, like Nilus, never more commendable than when it overflowes ; but Judgement a stayed and reposed thing, alwayes containing it self within its bounds and limits.

A Discourse of the English Stage, by Richard Flecknoe. Attached to "Love's Kingdom, a Pastoral Tragi-Comedy." 1664. [8vo.]

JOHN WARD, 1662.

SHAKSPEARE.

SHAKSPEAR had but two daughters, one whereof Mr. Hall, the phyfitian, married, and by her had one daughter married, to wit, the Lady Bernard of Abbingdon.

I have heard that Mr. Shakspeare was a natural wit, without any art at all ; hee frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for itt had an allowance so large, that hee spent att the rate of 1,000*l.* a-year, as I have heard.

Shakepeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson, had a merie meeting, and itt seems drank too hard, for Shakespear died of a feavour there contracted.

Remember to peruse Shakespeare's plays, and bee much versed in them, that I may not bee ignorant in that matter.

Whether Dr. Heylin does well, in reckoning up the dramattick poets which have been famous in England, to omit Shakespeare.

A letter to my brother, to see Mrs. Queeny, to fend for Tom Smith for the acknowledgment.

Diary of the Rev. John Ward, A.M., Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon, extending from 1648 to 1679. 1839. p. 183-4.

SAMUEL PEPYS, 1660—1669.

1660.



CTOBER 11.—Here, in the Park, we met with Mr. Salisbury, who took Mr. Creed and me to the Cockpitt to see "The Moore of Venice," which was well done. Burt acted the Moore; by the same token, a very pretty lady that sat by me, called out, to see Desdemona smothered.

1661-2.

March 1.—To the Opera, and there saw "Romeo and Juliet," the first time it was ever acted, [but it is a play of itself the worst that ever I heard, and the worst acted that ever I saw these people do, and] I am resolved to go no more to see the first time of acting, for they were all of them out more or less.

1662.

September 29.—To the King's Theatre, where we saw "Midsummer's Night's dream," which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life.

[1662-3.

January 6.—To the Duke's House, and there saw Twelfth-Night acted well, though it be but a silly play, and not relating at all to the name or day.]

1663.

May 28.—By water to the Royall Theatre; but that was so full they told us we could have no room. And so to the Duke's house; and there saw "Hamlett" done, giving us fresh reason never to think enough of Betterton.

December 10.—To St. Paul's Church Yard, to my bookseller's, and could not tell whether to lay out my money for books of pleasure, as plays, which my nature was most earnest in; but at last, after seeing Chaucer, Dugdale's History of Paul's, Stow's London, Gefner, History of Trent, besides Shakespeare, Jonson, and Beaumont's plays, I at last chose Dr. Fuller's Worthys, the Cabbala or Collections of Letters of State, and a little book, Delices de Hollande, with another little book or two, all of good use or serious pleasure; and Hudibras, both parts, the book now in greatest fashion for drollery, though I cannot, I confess, see enough where the wit lies.

1663-4.

January 1.—Went to the Duke's house, the first play I have been at these six months, according to my last vow, and here saw the so much cried-up play of "Henry the Eighth;"

which, though I went with resolution to like it, is so simple a thing made up of a great many patches, that, besides the shows and processions in it, there is nothing in the world good or well done.

1664.

November 5.—To the Duke's house to see "Macbeth," a pretty good play, but admirably acted.

1666.

August 20.—To Deptford by water, reading Othello, Moore of Venice, which I ever heretofore esteemed a mighty good play, but having so lately read The Adventures of Five Houres, it seems a mean thing.

August 29.—To St. James's, and there Sir W. Coventry took Sir W. Pen and me apart, and read to us his answer to the Generall's letter to the King, that he read last night;
* * * * And then, speaking of the supplies which have been made to this fleet, more than ever in all kinds to any, even that wherein the Duke of York himself was, "Well," says he, "if this will not do, I will say, as Sir J. Falstaffe did to the Prince, 'Tell your father, that if he do not like this, let him kill the next Piercy himself.'"

December 28.—I to my Lord Crewe's, *
* * * From hence to the Duke's house, and there saw "Macbeth" most excellently

acted, and a most excellent play for variety. I had sent for my wife to meet me there, who did come: so I did not go to White Hall, and got my Lord Bellaffes to get me into the playhouse; and there, after all staying above an hour for the players (the King and all waiting, which was absurd,) saw "Henry the Fifth" well done by the Duke's people, and in most excellent habit, all new vests, being put on but this night. But I sat so high and far off that I missed most of the words, and sat with a wind coming into my back and neck, which did much trouble me. The play continued till twelve at night; and then up, and a most horrid cold night it was, and frosty, and moonshine.

1666-7.

January 7.—To the Duke's house, and saw "Macbeth," which though I saw it lately, yet appears a most excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertisement, though it be a deep tragedy; which is a strange perfection in a tragedy, it being most proper here, and suitable.

1667.

August 15.—Sir W. Pen and I to the Duke's house; where a new play. The King and Court there: the house full, and an act begun. And so we went to the King's, and there saw "The Merry Wives of Windsor;" which did not please me at all, in no part of it.

October 16. — To the Duke of York's house; and I was vexed to see Young (who is but a bad actor at best) act Macbeth, in the room of Betterton, who, poor man! is sick: [but Lord! what a prejudice it wrought in me against the whole play, and every body else agreed in disliking this fellow. Thence home, and there find my wife gone home; because of this fellow's acting of the part, she went out of the house again.]

November 2. — To the King's playhouse, and there saw "Henry the Fourth;" and, contrary to expectation, was pleased in nothing more than in Cartwright's speaking of Falstaff's speech about "What is Honour?"

[November 6. — With my wife to a play, and the girl — "Macbeth," which we still like mightily, though mighty short of the content we used to have when Betterton acted, who is still sick.]

November 7. — At noon resolved with Sir W. Pen to go to see "The Tempest," an old play of Shakespeare's, acted, I hear, the first day. * * The house mighty full; the King and Court there: and the most innocent play that ever I saw; and a curious piece of musique in an echo of half sentences, the echo repeating the former half, while the man goes on to the latter; which is mighty pretty. The play has no great wit, but yet above ordinary plays.

1668.

[August 12.—After dinner, I and wife, and Mercer, and Deb., to the Duke of York's house, and saw "Macbeth," to our great content, and then home, where the women went to the making of my tubes.]

August 31.—To the Duke of York's playhouse, and saw "Hamlet," which we have not seen this year before, or more; and mightily pleased with it, but above all with Betterton, the best part, I believe, that ever man acted.

December 21.—Went into Holborne, and there saw the woman that is to be seen with a beard. * * * Thence to the Duke's playhouse, and saw "Macbeth."

1668-9.

February 6.—To the King's playhouse, and there in an upper box * * * did see "The Moor of Venice:" but ill acted in most parts, Moone (which did a little surprise me) not acting Iago's part by much so well as Clun used to do: nor another Hart's, which was Caffio's; nor indeed Burt doing the Moor's so well as I once thought he did.

*Memoirs of Samuel Pepys, Esq., F.R.S.
Comprising his Diary from 1659 to 1669,
&c. Edited by Richard Lord Braybrooke,
2 vols. 1825. [4to.]*

JOHN EVELYN, 1661.

NOVEMBER 26.—I saw Hamlet Prince of Denmark played, but now the old plays began to disgust this refined age, since his Majesties being so long abroad.

Kalendarium (or Diary).

Memoirs: Edited by William Bray. 1819.

[8vo.] Vol. 2, p. 342.

JOHN EVELYN, 1689.

AUGUST 12. — For there were the
 Pictures of Fisher, Fox, S^r Thomas
 More, Tho. Lord Cromwell, Dr.
 Nowell, &c. And what was most agreeable
 to his Lo^{ps} general humour, Old Chaucer,
 Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, who were
 both in one piece, Spencer, Mr. Waller,
 Cowley, Hudibras, which last he plac'd in the
 roome where he us'd to eate & dine in publiq,
 most of which, if not all, are at the present at
 Cornebury, in Oxfordshire ;

*Letter "To Mr. Pepys," describing the
 then late Lord Clarendon's house.*

Memoirs: Edited by William Bray. 1819.

[8vo.] Vol. 2, p. 242.

THOMAS JORDAN, 1664.



HE word was brought unto the
 Duke
 His wife was newly dead,
 And that her last words were (her eyes waxing
 dim)

*Commend me to the Duke,
 I ne'er knew any man but him.*

A Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie. 1664. [4to.]

Reprint edited by J. P. Collier. p. 124.

The Jealous Duke and the Injur'd Dutcheſs ;

A Story. Tune, The Dream. End of St. 4.

MARGARET CAVENDISH, 1664.



WONDER how that person you mention in your letter, could either have the conscience, or confidence to dispraise *Shakespear's* playes, as to say they were made up onely with clowns, fools, watchmen, and the like; but to answer that person, though *Shakespear's* wit will answer for himself, I say, that it seems by his judging, or censuring, he understands not playes, or wit; for to expresse properly, rightly, usually, and naturally, a clown's, or fool's humour, expressions, phrases, garbs, manners, actions, words, and course of life, is as witty, wise, judicious, ingenious, and observing, as to write and expresse the expressions, phrases, garbs, manners, actions, words, and course of life, of kings and princes; and to expresse naturally, to the life, a mean country wench, as a great lady, a courtesan, as a chaste woman, a mad man, as a man in his right reason and senses, a drunkard, as a sober man, a knave, as an honest man, and so a clown, as a well-bred man, and a fool, as a wise man; nay, it expresses and declares a greater wit, to expresse, and deliver to posterity, the extravagances of madness,

the subtilty of knaves, the ignorance of clowns, and the simplicity of naturals, or the craft of feigned fools, than to exprefs regularities, plain honesty, courtly garbs, or sensible discourfes, for 'tis harder to exprefs nonfense than fenfe, and ordinary converfations, than that which is unufual; and 'tis harder, and requires more wit to exprefs a jester, than a grave ftateman; yet *Shakefpear* did not want wit, to exprefs to the life all forts of perfons, of what quality, profeffion, degree, breeding, or birth foever; nor did he want wit to exprefs the divers and different humours, or natures, or feveral paffions in mankind; and fo well he hath exprefs'd in his playes all forts of perfons, as one would think he had been transformed into every one of thofe perfons he hath defcribed; and as fometimes one would think he was really himfelf the clown or jester he feigns, fo one would think, he was alfo the king, and privy-councillor; alfo as one would think he were really the coward he feigns, fo one would think he were really the moft valiant and experienced fouldier; Who would not think he had been fuch a man as Sir *John Falstaff*? and who would not think he had been *Harry the Fifth*? & certainly *Julius Cæfar*, *Augustus* [Octavius] *Cæfar*, and *Antonius*, did never really act their parts better, if fo well, as he hath defcribed them, and I believe that *Antonius* and

Brutus did not speak better to the people, than he had feign'd them; nay, one would think that he had been metamorphosed from a man to a woman, for who could describe *Cleopatra* better than he has done, and many other females of his own creating, as *Nau Page*, Mrs. *Page*, Mrs. *Ford*, the doctors maid, *Bettrice*, Mrs. *Quickly*, *Doll Tearsheet*, and others, too many to relate? and in his tragick vein, he presents passions so naturally, and misfortunes so probably, as he pierces the souls of his readers with such a true sense and feeling thereof, that it forces tears through their eyes, and almost persuades them, they are really actors, or at least present at those tragedies. Who could not swear he had been a noble lover, that could woo so well? and there is not any person he hath described in his book, but his readers might think they were well acquainted with them; indeed *Shakespeare* had a clear judgment, a quick wit, a spreading fancy, a subtil observation, a deep apprehension, and a most eloquent elocution; truly, he was a natural orator, as well as a natural poet, and he was not an orator to speak well only on some subjects, as lawyers, who can make eloquent orations at the bar, and plead subtilly and wittily in law-cases, or divines, that can preach eloquent sermons, or dispute subtilly and wittily in theology, but take them from that, and put them to other

subjects, and they will be to seek ; but *Shakespeare's* wit and eloquence was general, for and upon all subjects, he rather wanted subjects for his wit and eloquence to work on, for which he was forced to take some of his plots out of history, where he only took the bare designs, the wit and language being all his own ; &c.

* * * *

Remember, when we were very young maids, one day we were discoursing about lovers, and we did injoyne each other to confess who profess'd to love us, and whom we loved, and I confess'd I only was in Love with three dead men, which were dead long before my time, the one was *Cæsar*, for his valour, the second *Ovid*, for his wit, and the third was our countryman *Shakespeare*, for his comical and tragical humour ; but soon after we both married two worthy men, and I will leave you to your own husband, for you best know what he is ; As for my husband, I know him to have the valour of *Cæsar*, the fancy, and wit of *Ovid*, and the tragical, especially comical art of *Shakespeare* ; in truth he is as far beyond *Shakespeare* for comical humour, as *Shakespeare* beyond an ordinary poet in that way ; &c.

CCXI Sociable Letters of the Duchesse of Newcastle. 1664. [Fol.]
Letters CXXIII and CLXII.

JOHN DRYDEN, 1668.

TO begin, then, with Shakespeare: he was the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him: no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of the poets,

Quantum lenta solent, inter viburna cupressi.

Of dramatick poësie, an essay. 1668. [4^{to}]

p. 47.

JOHN DRYDEN, 1669.



AS, when a Tree's cut down, the secret
 Root
 Lives under ground, and thence new
 branches shoot ;
 So, from old *Shakeſpear's* honour'd duſt, this
 day
 Springs up and buds a new reviving play.
Shakeſpear, who (taught by none) did firſt
 impart
 To *Fletcher* wit, to labouring *Johnſon* Art.
 He Monarch-like, gave thoſe his ſubjects Law,
 And is that Nature that they paint and draw.
Fletcher reach'd that which on his heights did
 grow,
 Whiſt *Johnſon* crept and gathered all below.
 This did his Love, and this his Mirth digeſt :
 One imitates him moſt, the other beſt.
 If they have ſince out-writ all other Men,
 'Tis with the drops which fell from *Shakeſpear's*
 pen.
 The Storm which vaniſh'd on the neighb'ring
 ſhore,
 Was taught by *Shakeſpear's* Tempeſt firſt to
 roar.
 That Innocence and Beauty which did ſmile
 In *Fletcher*, grew on this *Enchanted Iſle*.

But *Shakeſpear*'s Magic could not copy'd be,
 Within that Circle none durſt walk but he.
 I muſt confeſs 'twas bold, nor would you now
 That liberty to vulgar wits allow,
 Which works by Magic ſupernatural things :
 But *Shakeſpear*'s power is Sacred as a King's.
 Thoſe Legends from old Priſthood were re-
 ceiv'd,
 And he then writ, as People then believ'd.

*Prologue to The Tempeſt or The Enchanted
 Iſland, by Sir William D'Avenant and
 John Dryden. 1669.*

[JOHN DRYDEN] 1672.



U N country beauties as we often see
 Something that takes in their simplicity,
 Yet while they charm they know not they are
 fair,
 And take without their spreading of the snare—
 Such artless beauty lies in *Shakespeare's* wit ;
 'Twas well in spite of him whate'er he writ.
 His excellencies came, and were not sought,
 His words like casual atoms made a thought ;
 Drew up themselves in rank and file, and writ,
 He wondering how the devil it were, such wit.
 Thus, like the drunken tinker in his play,
 He grew a prince, and never knew which way.
 He did not know what trope or figure meant,
 But to persuade is to be eloquent ;
 So in this *Cæsar* which this day you see,
Tully ne'er spoke as he makes *Anthony*.
 Those then that tax his learning are to blame,
 He knew the thing, but did not know its name ;
 Great *Johnson* did that ignorance adore,
 And though he envied much, admir'd him more.
 The faultless *Johnson* equally writ well ;
Shakespeare made faults—but then did more
 excel.

One close at guard like some old fencer lay,
 T'other more open, but he shew'd more play.
 In imitation *Johnson's* wit was shown,
 Heaven made *his* men, but *Shakefpear* made
 his own.

Wife *Johnson's* talent in observing lay,
 But others' follies still made up his play.
 He drew the like in each elaborate line,
 But *Shakefpear* like a master did design.
Johnson with skill dissected human kind,
 And shew'd their faults, that they their faults
 might find ;

But then, as all anatomists must do,
 He to the meanest of mankind did go,
 And took from gibbets such as he would show.
 Both are so great, that he must boldly dare
 Who both of them does judge, and both com-
 pare ;

If amongst poets one more bold there be,
 The man that dare attempt in either way, is he.

*Prologue to Julius Cæsar, by Sir William
 D'Avenant and John Dryden. Covent
 Garden drolery. 1672. [8vo.] p. 9.*

JOHN DRYDEN, 1673.



O begin with Language. That an alteration is lately made in ours, or since the writers of the last age (in which I comprehend Shakespeare, Fletcher, and Jonson,) is manifest. Any man who reads those excellent poets, and compares their language with what is now written, will see it almost in every line; but that this is an improvement of the language, or an alteration for the better, will not so easily be granted.

* * * * * One testimony of this is undeniable, that we are the first who have observed them [their improprieties of language]; and certainly to observe errors is a great step to the correcting of them. But, malice and partiality set apart, let any man, who understands English, read diligently the works of Shakespeare and Fletcher, and I dare undertake, that he will find in every page either some solecism of speech, or some notorious flaw in sense; and yet these men are revered, when we are not forgiven. That their wit is great, and many times their expressions noble, envy itself cannot deny.

Neque ego illis detrachere ausim
Hærentem capiti multâ cum laude coronam.

but the times were ignorant in which they liv'd. Poetry was then, if not in its infancy among us, at least not arriv'd to its vigor and maturity : witness the lameness of their plots : many of which, especially those which they writ first, (for even that age refin'd itself in some measure,) were made up of some ridiculous incoherent story, which in one play many times took up the business of an age. I suppose I need not name *Pericles*, *Prince of Tyre*, nor the historical plays of Shakespeare : besides many of the rest, as the *Winter's Tale*, *Love's labour lost*, *Measure for Measure*, which were either grounded on impossibilities, or at least so meanly written, that the comedy neither caused your mirth, nor the serious part your concernment.

* * * *

In reading some bombast speeches of *Macbeth*, which are not to be understood, he [*Johnson*] used to say that it was horror. and I am much afraid that this is so.

* * * *

But I am willing to close the book [*Catiline*], partly out of veneration to the author, partly out of weariness to pursue an argument which is so fruitful in so small a compass. And what correctness, after this, can be expected from *Shakespeare* or from *Fletcher*, who wanted that learning and care which *Johnson* had ? I will therefore spare my own trouble of

enquiring into their faults: who had they liv'd
now, had doubtless written more correctly.

* * * *

By this grafting, as I may call it, on old words, has our tongue been beautified by the three fore-mentioned poets, *Shakefpear*, *Fletcher*, and *Johnfon*: whose excellencies I can never enough admire, and in this they have been follow'd, especially by Sir *John Suckling* and Mr. *Waller*, who refin'd upon them.

* * * *

I should now speak of the refinement of wit: but I have been so large on the former subject that I am forc'd to contract myself in this. I will therefore onely observe to you, that the wit of the last age was yet more incorrect than their language. *Shakefpear*, who many times has written better than any poet, in any language, is yet so far from writing wit always, or expressing that wit according to the dignity of the subject, that he writes, in many places, below—the dullest writer of ours, or any precedent age. Never did any author precipitate himself from such heights of thought to so low expressions, as he often does. He is the very *Janus* of poets; he wears almost everywhere two faces: and you have scarce begun to admire the one, e're you despise the other. Neither is the luxuriance of *Fletcher*, (which his friends have

taxed in him,) a less fault than the carelessness of *Shakespeare*.

* * * *

Shakespeare shew'd the best of his skill in his *Mercutio*, and he said himself, that he was forc'd to kill him in the third Act, to prevent being kill'd by him. But, for my part, I cannot find he was so dangerous a person: I see nothing in him but what was so exceeding harmless, that he might have liv'd to the end of the play, and dy'd in his bed, without offence to any man.

* * * *

Let us therefore admire the beauties and the heights of *Shakespeare*, without falling after him into a carelessness, and (as I may call it) a lethargy of thought for whole scenes together.

* * * *

*Defence of the Epilogue (appended to the second
part of Almanzor and Almahide, or the
Conquest of Granada. By John Dryden.
1672.)*

JOHN DRYDEN, 1674.



WITH joy we bring what our dead
 authors writ,
 And beg from you the value of their
 wit ;
 That Shakespeare's Fletcher's and great Jon-
 son's claim,
 May be renew'd from those who gave them
 fame.

*Prologue to the University of Oxford. Pro-
 logue and Epilogues. 1779.*

JOHN DRYDEN, 1677.



OUR Ben and Fletcher, in their first
 young flight,
 Did no *Volpone*, nor no *Arbaces*
 write,
 But hopped about and short excursions made
 From bough to bough, as if they were afraid,
 And each was guilty of some *Slighted Maid*.
 Shakespeare's own muse her *Pericles* first bore;
 The *Prince of Tyre* was elder than the *Moor*.
 'Tis miracle to see a first good play;
 All hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas-day.
 A slender poet must have time to grow,
 And spread and burnish as his brothers do.
 Who still looks lean, sure with some pox is
 curst,
 But no man can be Falstaff-fat at first.

Prologue to Circe, by Charles Davenant.
 [Written in 1675] 1677. [4to.]

JOHN DRYDEN, 1678.



IN my Stile I have profess'd to imitate the Divine *Shakeſpeare*; which that I might perform more freely, I have dis-incumber'd my ſelf from Rhyme. I hope I need not to explain my ſelf, that I have not Copy'd my Author fervilely: Words and Phraſes muſt of neceſſity receive a change in ſucceeding Ages: but 't is almoſt a Miracle that much of his Language remains ſo pure; and that he who began Dramatique Poetry amongſt us, untaught by any, and, as Ben Johnſon tells us, without Learning, ſhould by the force of his own Genius perform ſo much, that in a manner he has left no praiſe for any who come after him.

Preface to All for Love; or, the World well Loſt. 1678. [4^{to}.]

JOHN DRYDEN, 1679.

THE Poet *Æschylus* was held in the same veneration by the *Athenians* of after Ages as *Shakeſpear* is by us ; * * * though the difficulties of altering are greater, and our reverence for *Shakeſpear* much more juſt, then that of the *Grecians* for *Æschylus*, * * * yet it muſt be allow'd to the preſent Age, that the tongue in general is ſo much refin'd ſince *Shakeſpear's* time, that many of his words, and more of his Phraſes, are ſcarce intelligible. And of thoſe which we underſtand ſome are ungrammatical, others courſe ; and his whole ſtile is ſo peſter'd with Figurative expreſſions, that it is as affected as it is obſcure. 'Tis true, that in his later Plays he had worn off ſomewhat of the ruſt ; but the Tragedy which I have undertaken to correſt, was, in all probability, one of his firſt endeavours on the Stage.

[coarſe]

* * * *

Shakeſpeare, (as I hinted) in the Apprentiſhip of his Writing, model'd it into that Play, which is now call'd by the name of *Troilus* and *Creſſida* ; but ſo lamely is it left to us, that it is not divided into Acts : which fault

[Chaucer's ſtory]

I ascribe to the Actors, who Printed it after *Shakeſpear's* death ; and that too, ſo careleſſly, that a more uncorrect Copy I never ſaw. For the Play it ſelf, the Author ſeems to have begun it with ſome fire ; the Characters of *Pandarus* and *Therſites*, are promiſing enough ; but as if he grew weary of his task, after an Entrance or two, he lets 'em fall : and the later part of the Tragedy is nothing but a confuſion of Drums and Trumpets, Excursions and Alarms. The chief perſons, who give name to the Tragedy, are left alive : *Creſſida* is falſe, and is not puniſhed. Yet after all, becauſe the Play was *Shakeſpear's*, and that there appear'd in ſome places of it, the admirable Genius of the Author ; I undertook to remove that heap of Rubbiſh, under which many excellent thoughts lay wholly bury'd.

* * * *

I will not weary my Reader with the Scenes which are added [&c.] : but I cannot omit the laſt Scene in it, which is almoſt half the Act, betwixt *Troilus* and *Heſtor*. The occaſion of raiſing it was hinted to me by Mr. *Betterton* : the contrivance and working of it was my own. They who think to do me an injury, by ſaying that it is an imitation of the Scene betwixt *Brutus* and *Caffius*, do me an honour, by ſuppoſing I could imitate the incomparable *Shakeſpear* : but let me add, that if *Shakeſpear's* Scene, or that faulty copy of it in

Amintor and *Melantius* had never been, yet *Euripides* had furnish'd me with an excellent example in his *Ipigenia*, between *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus* : and from thence indeed, the last turn of it is borrow'd. The occasion which *Shakespear*, *Euripides*, and *Fletcher*, have all taken, is the same ; groundd upon Friendship : and the quarrel of two virtuous men, raised by natural degrees, to the extremity of passion, is conducted in all three, to the declination of the same passion ; and concludes with a warm renewing of their Friendship. But the particular ground-work which *Shakespear* has taken, is incomparably the best : Because he has not only chosen two the greatest Heroes of their Age ; but has likewise interestd the Liberty of *Rome*, and their own honors, who were the redeemers of it, in this debate. And if he has made *Brutus*, who was naturally a patient man, to fly into excess at first ; let it be remembered in his defence, that just before, he has received the news of *Portia's* death, whom the Poet on purpose neglecting a little Chronology, supposes to have dy'd before *Brutus*, only to give him an occasion of being more easily exasperated. Add to this, that the injury he had received from *Cassius*, had long been brooding in his mind ; and that a melancholy man, upon consideration of an affront, especially from a Friend, would be more eager

in his passion, than he who had given it, though naturally more cholerick.

* * * *

How defective *Shakespeare* and *Fletcher* have been in all their Plots, Mr. *Rymer* has discover'd in his *Criticisms*: * * *

The difference between *Shakespeare* and *Fletcher* in their Plottings seems to be this; that *Shakespeare* generally moves more terror, and *Fletcher* more compassion: For the first had a more Masculine, a bolder and more fiery Genius; the Second a more soft and Womanish. In the mechanic beauties of the Plot, which are the Observation of the three Unities, Time, Place, and Action, they are both deficient; but *Shakespeare* most. *Ben Johnson* reform'd those errors in his Comedies, yet one of *Shakespeare's* was Regular before him: which is, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. For what remains concerning the design, you are to be refer'd to our English Critic.

* * * *

A character, or that which distinguishes one man from all others, cannot be suppos'd to consist of one particular virtue, or vice, or passion only; but 't is a composition of qualities which are not contrary to one another in the same person: thus the same man may be liberal and valiant, but not liberal and covetous; so in a Comical character, or humour, (which is an inclination to this, or that,

folly) *Falstaff* is a liar, and a coward, a Glutton, and a Buffon, because all these qualities may agree in the same man ;

* * * *

To return once more to *Shakefpear*; no man ever drew so many characters, or generally distinguished 'em better from one another, excepting only *Johnson*: I will instance but in one, to show the copiousness of his Invention; 't is that of *Calyban*, or the Monster in the *Tempest*. He seems to have created a person which was not in Nature, a boldness which at first sight would appear intolerable: for he makes him a Species of himself, begotten by an *Incubus* on a Witch; but this as I have elsewhere prov'd, is not wholly beyond the bounds of credibility, as least the vulgar still believe it. We have the separated notions of a spirit, and of a Witch; (and Spirits according to *Plato*, are vested with a subtil body; according to some of his followers, have different Sexes) therefore as from the distinct apprehensions of a Horse, and of a Man, Imagination has form'd a *Centaur*, so from those of an *Incubus* and a *Sorcerers*, *Shakefpear* has produc'd his Monster. Whether or no his Generation can be defended, I leave to Philosophy; but of this I am certain, that the Poet has most judiciously furnished him with a person, a Language, and a character, which will suit him, both by Fathers and Mothers [? well]

side: he has all the discontents, and malice of a Witch, and of a Devil; besides a convenient proportion of the deadly sins; Gluttony, Sloth, and Lust, are manifest; the dejectedness of a slave is likewise given him, and the ignorance of one bred up in a Desert Island. His person is monstrous, as he is the product of unnatural Lust; and his language is as hobgoblin as his person: in all things he is distinguished from other mortals. The characters of *Fletcher* are poor and narrow, in comparison of *Shakefpears*; I remember not one which is not borrow'd from him; unless you will except that strange mixture of a man in the *King and no King*: So that in this part *Shakefpear* is generally worth our Imitation; and to imitate *Fletcher* is but to Copy after him who was a Copyer.

* * * *

If *Shakefpear* be allow'd, as I think he must, to have made his Characters distinct, it will easily be infer'd that he understood the nature of the Passions: because it has been prov'd already, that confus'd Passions make undistinguishable Characters: yet I cannot deny that he has his failings; but they are not so much in the passions themselves, as in his manner of expression: he often obscures his meaning by his words, and sometimes makes it unintelligible. I will not say of so great a Poet, that he distinguish'd not the

blown puffy stile, from true sublimity; but I may venture to maintain that the fury of his fancy often transported him, beyond the bounds of Judgment, either in coining of new words and phrases, or racking words which were in use, into the violence of Catachresis: 'Tis not that I would explode the use of Metaphors from passions, for *Longinus* thinks 'em necessary to raise it; but to use 'em at every word, to say nothing without a Metaphor, a Simile, an Image, or description, is I doubt to smell a little too strongly of the Buskin. I must be forc'd to give an example of expressing passion figuratively; but that I may do it with respect to *Shakespeare*, it shall not be taken from anything of his: 'tis an exclamation against Fortune, quoted in his *Hamlet*, but written by some other Poet.

[Out, out, thou Strumpet, &c., down to As low as to the Fiends.]

And immediately after speaking of *Hecuba*, when *Priam* was kill'd before her eyes:

[The mobbled Queen, &c., down to And passion in the Gods.]

* * * *

But *Shakespeare* does not often thus; for the passions in his Scene between *Brutus* and *Cassius* are extremely natural, the thoughts are such as arise from the matter, and the expression of 'em not viciously figurative. I cannot

leave this Subject before I do justice to that Divine Poet, by giving you one of his passionate descriptions: 't is of *Richard* the Second when he was depos'd, and led in Triumph through the Streets of *London* by *Henry* of *Bullingbrook*: the painting of it is so lively, and the words so moving, that I have scarce read any thing comparable to it, in any other language. Suppose you have seen already the fortunate Ufurper passing through the croud, and follow'd by the shouts and acclamations of the people; and now behold King *Richard* entring upon the Scene: consider the wretchedness of his condition, and his carriage in it; and refrain from pitty if you can.

[As in a Theatre, &c., down to have pity'd him.] * * * *

If *Shakespear* were strip of all the Bombast in his passions, and dress'd in the most vulgar words, we should find the beauties of his thoughts remaining; if his embroideries were burnt down, there would still be silver at the bottom of the melting-pot: but I fear (at least, let me say it for my self) that we who Ape his founding words, have nothing of his thought, but are all out-side; there is not so much as a dwarf within our Giants cloaths. Therefore, let not *Shakespear* suffer for our fakes; 't is our fault, who succeed him in an Age which is more refin'd, if we imitate him

fo ill, that we copy his failings only, and make a virtue of that in our Writings, which in his was an imperfection.

For what remains, the excellency of that Poet was, as I have said, in the more manly passions; *Fletcher's* in the softer: *Shakespeare* writ better betwixt man and man; *Fletcher*, betwixt man and woman: consequently, the one describ'd friendship better; the other love: yet *Shakespeare* taught *Fletcher* to write love; and *Juliet*, and *Desdemona*, are Originals. 'T is true, the Scholar had the softer soul; but the Master had the kinder. Friendship is both a virtue, and a Passion essentially; love is a passion only in its nature, and is not a virtue but by Accident: good nature makes Friendship; but effeminacy Love. *Shakespeare* had an Universal mind, which comprehended all Characters and Passions; *Fletcher* a more confin'd and limited: for though he treated love in perfection, yet Honour, Ambition, Revenge, and generally all the stronger Passions, he either touch'd not, or not Masterly. To conclude all; he was a Limb of *Shakespeare*.

*Preface to Troilus and Cressida or Truth
found too late, by John Dryden. 1679.*

JOHN DRYDEN, 1679.



EE, my lov'd Britons, see your Shake-
 spear rise,
 An awful ghost confes'd to human
 eyes !

Unnam'd, methinks, distinguish'd I had been
 From other shades, by this eternal green,
 Above whose wreaths the vulgar poets strive,
 And with a touch their wither'd bays revive.
 Untaught, unpraetis'd, in a barbarous age,
 I found not, but created first, the stage.
 And if I drain'd no Greek or Latin store,
 'Twas that my own abundance gave me more.
 On foreign trade I needed not rely,
 Like fruitful Britain, rich without supply.
 In this my rough-drawn play you shall behold
 Some master-strokes, so manly and so bold,
 That he, who meant to alter, found 'em such,
 He shook ; and thought it sacrilege to touch.
 Now, where are the successors to my name ?
 What bring they to fill out a poet's fame ?
 Weak, short-liv'd issues of a feeble age ;
 Scarce living to be christen'd on the stage !

*Prologue to Troilus and Cressida or Truth
 found too late, by John Dryden. 1679.
 (Spoken by Betterton as the Ghost of Shake-
 speare).*

JOHN DRYDEN, 1675.

BUT spite of all his pride a secret shame
Invades his Breast at *Shakeſpear's*
ſacred name.

Aw'd when he hears his God-like *Romans*
Rage.

Prologue to Aureng-zebe, or the Great Mogul,
by John Dryden. 1692.

JOHN DRYDEN, 1681 *circa*.



NE nymph, to whom fat Sir John
Falstaff's lean
There with her single person fills
the scene.

*Prologue to the University of Oxford. Pro-
logues and Epilogues. 1779.*

JOHN DRYDEN, 1690.



OW'S this, you cry ? an actor write ?
we know it ;

But Shakespeare was an actor and
a poet.

Has not great Jonson's learning often fail'd ?
While Shakespeare's greater genius still pre-
vail'd.

Prologue to The Mistakes, by Joseph Harris.
1690.

JOHN DRYDEN, 1693.



SHAKESPEARE, thy gift I place
before my fight,
With awe I ask his blessing as I
write ;
With reverence look on his majestick face,
Proud to be less, but of his godlike race.
His soul inspires me, while thy praise I write,
And I like Teucer under Ajax fight :
Bids thee, through me, be bold ; with daunt-
less breast
Contemn the bad, and emulate the best :
Like his, thy criticks in the attempt are lost,
When most they rail, know then they envy
most.

*Epistle to Sir Godfrey Kneller. (Miscellany
Poems.) 1694.*

EDWARD PHILLIPS, 1669.




OC seculo [sc. temporibus Elizabethæ reginæ et Jacobi regis] floruerunt — Gulielmus Shacſperus, qui præter opera dramatica, duo poemata *Lucretiæ stuprum à Tarquinio*, et *Amores Veneris in Adonidem*, lyrîca carmina nonnulla composuit: videtur fuisse, siquis alius, re verâ poeta natus. Samuel Daniel non obscurus hujus ætatis poeta, etc.

* * * Ex eis quis dramaticè scripserunt, primas sibi vendicant Shacſperus, Jonſonus et Fletcherus, quorum hic sacundâ et politâ quâdam familiaritate sermonis, ille erudito judicio et usu veterum authorum, âlter nativâ quâdam et poeticâ sublimitate ingenii excelluisse videntur. Ante hos in hoc genere poeseos apud nos eminuît nemo. Pauci quidem antea scripserunt, at parum foeliciter; hos autem tanquam duces itinoris plurimi fâltẽm æmulati sunt, inter quos præter Sherleium, proximum à supra memorato triumviratu, Suclingium, Randolphium, Davenantium et Carturitium — enumerandi veniunt Ric. Bromeus, Tho. Heivodus, etc.

Tractatulus de Carmine dramatico Poetarum, et compendiosa Enumeratio Poetarum a Tempore Dantis Aligerii usque ad hanc Ætatem. Added to the seventeenth edition of Theſaurus J. Buchleri. 1669.

EDWARD PHILLIPS, 1675.

IT, Ingenuity, and Learning in Verſe, even Elegancy it ſelf, though that comes neereſt, are one thing, true Native *Poetry* is another ; in which there is a certain Air and Spirit, which perhaps the moſt Learned and judicious in other Arts do not perfectly apprehend, much leſs is it attainable by any Study or Industry ; nay though all the Laws of *Heroic Poem*, all the Laws of *Tragedy* were exactly obſerved, yet ſtill this *tour entrejeant*, this Poetick *Energie*, if I may ſo call it, would be required to give life to all the reſt, which ſhines through the rougheſt moſt unpoliſh't and antiquated Language, and may happily be wanting, in the moſt polite and reformed : let us obſerve *Spencer*, with all his Ruſtic, obſolete words, with all his rough-hewn clowterly Verſes ; yet take him throughout, and we ſhall find in him a gracefull and Poetic Majeſty : in like manner *Shakeſpear*, in ſpight of all his unfiled expreſſions, his rambling and indigeſted Fancys, the laughter of the *Critical*, yet muſt be confeſs't a *Poet* above many that go beyond him in Literature ſome degrees. All this while it would be very unreaſonable that thoſe who have been learned, judicious

or Ingenuous in Verse should be forgotten and left out of the circuit of *Poets*, in the larger acceptation.

* * * *

Benjamin Johnson, the most learned, judicious and correct, generally so accounted, of our *English* Comedians, and the more to be admired for being so, for that neither the height of natural parts, for he was no *Shakespeare*, nor the cost of Extraordinary Education ; for he is reported but a Bricklayers Son, but his own proper Industry and Addiction to Books advanced him to this perfection :

* * * *

Christopher Marlow, a kind of a second *Shakespeare* (whose contemporary he was) not only because like him he rose from an Actor to be a maker of Plays, though inferior both in Fame and Merit ; but also because in his begun Poem of *Hero* and *Leander*, he seems to have a resemblance of that clean and unsophisticated Wit, which is natural to that incomparable Poet ;

* * * *

John Fletcher, one of the happy *Triumvirat* (the other two being *Johnson* and *Shakespeare*) of the Chief Dramatic Poets of our Nation, in the last foregoing Age, among whom there might be said to be a symmetry of perfection, while each excelled in his peculiar way : *Ben.*

Johnson in his elaborate pains and knowledge of Authors, *Shakeſpear* in his pure vein of wit, and natural Poetic height; *Fletcher* in a courtly Elegance, and gentile familiarity of ſtyle, and withal a wit and invention fo overflowing, that the luxuriant branches thereof were frequently thought convenient to be lopt off by his almoſt inſeparable Companion *Francis Beaumont*.

* * * *

William Shakeſpear, the Glory of the Engliſh Stage; whoſe nativity at *Stratford upon Avon*, is the higheſt honour that Town can boaſt of: from an Actor of Tragedies and Comedies, he became a *Maker*; and ſuch a Maker, that though ſome others may perhaps pretend to a more exact *Decorum* and *æconomie*, eſpecially in Tragedy, never any expreſs't a more lofty and Tragic height; never any repreſented nature more purely to the life, and where the poliſhments of Art are moſt wanting, as probably his Learning was not extraordinary, he pleaſeth with a certain wild and native Elegance; and in all his Writings hath an unvulgar ſtyle, as well in his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Rape of Lucrece* and other various Poems, as in his Dramatics.

Theatrum Poetarum. 1675. [12mo.] *Preface*, pp. 27 and 28, and the *Modern Poets*, pp. 19, 24, 108—9, and 194.

SIR CARR SCROPE, 1677-8.



HEN Shakespeare, Jonson, Fletcher,
 ruled the stage,
 They took so bold a freedom with
 the age,
 That there was scarce a knave or fool in town
 Of any note, but had his portrait shown.

*In Defense of Satyr. (Quoted by the Earl of
 Rochester in An Allusion to the Tenth Satyr
 of the First Book of Horace. 1678. p. 96.)*

EARL OF ROCHESTER, 1678.

BUT does not Dryden find even Jonson
 dull ?
 Beaumont and Fletcher uncorrect,
 and full
 Of lewd lines, as he calls them ? Shakespeare's
 style
 Stiff and affected ? To his own the while
 Allowing all the justice that his pride
 So arrogantly had to these denied ?
 And may I not have leave impartially
 To search and censure Dryden's works, and
 try
 If those gross faults his choice pen doth
 commit,
 Proceed from want of judgment, or of wit ?
 Or if his lumpish fancy does refuse
 Spirit and grace to his loose flattern muse ?
 Five hundred verses every morning writ,
 Prove him no more a poet than a wit.

*An Allusion to the Tenth Satyr of the First
 Book of Horace. 1678.*

THOS. SHADWELL, 1678.



AM now to present your Grace with the History of Timon, which you were pleased to tell me you liked; and it is the more worthy of you, since it has the inimitable hand of *Shakeſpear* in it, which never made more Maſterly ſtrokes than in this.

The Epistle Dedicatory of the Hiſtory of Timon of Athens the Man-Hater, by Thoſ. Shadwell. 1678. [4to.]

THOMAS RYMER. 1678.

BUT I grow weary of this Tragedy: In ^["A King and no King."] the former I took *Latorch* by his mouth, and ranting air for a copy of *Cassius* in *Shakepear*: and that you may see *Arbaces* here, is not without his *Cassian* strokes.

Thus *Cassius* in *Shakepear*.

Cass. . . . Brutus and Cæsar! *what should there be in that Cæsar!*


Why should that name be founded more than yours?

*Write them together, yours is as fair a name:
Sound them; it doth become the mouth as well:
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
man:*

*Brutus will start a Spirit as well as Cæsar.
Now, in the name of all the Gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? . . .
Thus Arbaces. Arb. . . . I have liv'd
To conquer men, and now am overthrown
Only by words, Brother and Sister: where
Have those words dwelling? I will find 'em out,
And utterly destroy 'em: but they are
Not to be grasp'd: let 'em be men or beasts,
I will cut 'em from the earth; or Towns,
And I will raze 'em, and then blow 'em up:
Let 'em be Seas, and I will drink 'em off,
And yet have unquench'd fire within my breast:
Let 'em be any thing but meerly voice.*

*The Tragedies of The Last Age consider'd and
Examin'd by the Practice of the Ancients,
and by the Common Sense of all Ages. 1678.
[sm. 8vo.] pp. 101—3.*

JOHN MARTYN,
HENRY HERRINGMAN, } 1679.
RICHARD MARIOT,

 F our care and endeavours to do our Authors right (in an incorrupt and genuine Edition of their Works) and thereby to gratifie and oblige the Reader, be but requited with a suitable entertainment, we shall be encourag'd to bring *Ben Johnson's* two volumes into one, and publish them in this form ; and also to reprint Old *Shakespear*: both which are designed by

yours,
Ready to ferve you,

*The Bookfellers to the Reader. Prefixed to the
Second Edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's
Works. 1679. [Fo.]*

THOMAS OTWAY, 1680.



OUR Shakspeare wrote, too, in an age
as blest,
The happiest poet of his time, and
best ;

A gracious prince's favour cheer'd his muse,
A constant favour he ne'er fear'd to lose,
Therefore he wrote with fancy unconfin'd,
And thoughts that were immortal as his mind.
And from the crop of his luxuriant pen
E'er since succeeding poets humbly glean.
Though much the most unworthy of the
throng,

Our this day's poet fears he's done him
wrong.

Like greedy beggars that steal sheaves away,
You'll find he's rifled him of half a play.
Amidst his baser drops you'll see it shine
Most beautiful, amazing, and divine.
Whilst we both wit's and Cæsar's absence
mourn

Oh ! when will he and poetry return ?
When shall we there again behold him sit,
Midst shining boxes and a courtly pit,
The lord of hearts and president of wit ?

*Prologue to Caius Marius (altered from Romeo
and Juliet.) 1680. [4to.]*

ABRAHAM COWLEY, 1680.

FROM this which has happened to myself, I began to reflect on the fortune of almost all writers, and especially poets, whose works (commonly printed after their deaths) we find stuffed out, either with counterfeit pieces, or with such [stuff] which, though of their own coin, they would have called in themselves, for the baseness of the alloy; whether this proceed from the indiscretion of their friends, or by the unworthy avarice of some stationers, who are content to diminish the value of the author, so they may increase the price of the book. This hath been the case with Shakspeare, Fletcher, Johnson, and many others, part of whose poems I should take the boldness to prune and lop away, if the care of replanting them in print did belong to me; neither would I make any scruple to cut off from some the unnecessary young suckers, and from others the old withered branches, &c.

Preface to Poems. Ed. 1680. (1710, p. 53.)

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, 1680-1690.

SHAKESPEAR was the first that opened this vein upon our Stage, [the Comic vein] which has run so freely and so pleasantly ever since, that I have often wondered to find it appear so little upon any others, being a subject so proper for them; since Humour is but a Picture of Particular Life, as Comedy is of General.

Miscellanea, Part ii, On Poetry. 1680-1690.
[8vo.]

JOHN AUBREY, 1680 *circa*.



R. William Shakespeare was wont to goe into Warwickshire once a yeare, and did comonly in his journey lye at this house in Oxon. [the Crowne Taverne kept by John Davenant] where he was exceedingly respected. I have heard parson Robert fay that Mr. Wm. Shakespeare having given him a hundred kiffes—Now Sr. Wm. would sometimes, when he was pleasant over a glasse of wine with his most intimate friends,—e.g. Sam: Butler, (author of Hudibras) &c.,—fay, that it seemed to him that he writt with the very spirit that Shakespear [did], and was contented enough to be thought his Son: he would tell them the story as above.

* * * *

Mr. William Shakespear was borne at Stratford upon Avon, in the County of Warwick; his father was a Butcher, and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours, that when he was a boy he exercised his father's Trade, but when he kill'd a Calfe he would doe it in a high style, and made a Speech. There was at that time another Butcher's son in this Towne that was held not at all inferior to him for a naturall witt, his acquaintance and coetanean, but dyed young. This Wm. being inclined naturally to Poetry

and acting, came to London, I gueffe, about 18: and was an Actor at one of the Play-houfes, and did act exceedingly well. Now B. Johnson was never a good Actor, but an excellent Instructor. He began early to make effayes at Dramatick: Poetry, w^{ch} at that time was very lowe, and his Playes tooke well. He was a handsome well shap't man; very good company, and of a very readie and pleafant fmooth Witt. The Humour of . . . the Conftable, in a *Midfomer-Night's Dreame*, he happened to take at Grendon,* in Bucks, w^{ch} is the roade from London to Stratford, and there was living that Conftable about 1642, when I firft came to Oxon. Mr. Jos. Howe is of y^t parifh, and knew him. Ben Johnson and he did gather Humours of men dayly wherever they came. One time as he was at the Tavern, at Stratford fup: Avon, one Combes, an old rich Ufurer, was to be buried, he makes there this extemporary Epitaph,

Ten in the Hundred the Devill allowes,
But Combes will have twelve, he fwears
and voves:
If any one afkes who lies in this Tombe,
'Hoh!' quoth the Devill, 'Tis my John
o Combe.'

* I thinke it was Midfomer night that he happened to lye there.

He was wont to goe to his native Country once a yeare. I thinke that I have been told that he left 2 or 300 l^{rs} annū there and thereabout to a sister. I have heard Sr Wm. Davenant and Mr. Thomas Shadwell (who is counted the best Comœdian we have now) say, that he had a most pdigyouſ Witt, and did admire his naturall parts beyond all other Dramaticall writers. He was wont to say, that he never blotted out a line in his life; sayd Ben Johnson, ‘I wish he had blotted out a thousand.’ His Comœdies will remaine writt as long as the English tongue is understood; for that he handles *mores hominum*: now our psent writers reflect so much upon pticular persons and coxcombeities, that 20 yeares hence they will not be understood. Though, as Ben Johnson sayes of him, that he had but little Latine and lesse Greek, He understood Latine pretty well: for he had been in his younger yeares a schoolmaster in the Country.*

*Aubrey Manuscripts: No. 4. pp. 27 & 78.
Bodleian Library, Oxford. Printed in
“Letters written by Eminent persons.”
1813.*

From Mr. Beeston.

GEORGE SCUDERY, 1681.

I can't, without infinite ingratitude to the Memory of those excellent persons, omit the first Famous Masters in't, of our Nation, Venerable *Shakeſpear* and the great *Ben Johnson*: I have had a particular kindneſs always for moſt of *Shakeſpear's* Tragedies, and for many of his Comedies, and I can't but ſay that I can never enough admire his Stile (conſidering the time he writ in) and the great alteration that has been in the Refineing of our Language ſince) for he has expreſſed himſelf ſo very well in't that 'tis generally approv'd of ſtill; and for maintaining of the Characters of the perſons, deſign'd, I think none ever exceeded him;

Amaryllis to Tityrus. Being the Firſt Heroick Harangue of the Excellent Pen of Monsieur Scudery. A Witty and Pleaſant Novel. Engliſhed by a Perſon of Honour. 1681.
[Sm: 8vo.]

Containing "An Eſſay on Dramatick Poetry,"
pp. 66-67.

J. CROWN, 1681.




O day we bring old gather'd Herbs,
'tis true,
But such as in sweet *Shakefpears*
Garden grew.
And all his Plant's immortal you esteem,
Your Mouthes are never out of taste with him.
Howe're to make your Appetites more keen,
Not only oylly Words are sprinkled in ;
But what to please you gives us better hope,
A little Vineger against the Pope.



For by his feeble Skill 'tis built alone,
The Divine *Shakefpear* did not lay one stone.

Prologues to Henry the Sixth, by J. Crown.
[4to.] 1681. *Parts I & II.*

SIR GEORGE RAYNSFORD, 1682.

ET he presumes we may be safe to
 Day,
 Since *Shakespear* gave Foundation
 to the Play:
 'Tis alter'd—and his sacred Ghost appeas'd;
 I wish you All as easily were pleas'd:

Prologue to the Ingratitude of a Commonwealth,
by Nahum Tate. 1682. [4to.]

JOHN SHEFFIELD, EARL OF MULGRAVE,
1682.



*L*A *T*O and *Lucian* are the best
Remains

Of all the wonders which this art
contains;

Yet to our selves we Justice must allow,
Shakespear and *Fletcher* are the wonders now:
Consider them, and read them o're and o're,
Go see them play'd, then read them as before.
For though in many things they grossly fail,
Over our Passions still they so prevail,
That our own grief by theirs is rockt asleep,
The dull are forc'd to feel, the wise to weep.
Their Beauties Imitate, avoid their faults;

* * * *

The other way's too common, oft we see
A fool derided by as bad as he;
Hawks fly at nobler game, but in his way,
A very *Owl* may prove a Bird of prey;
Some *Poets* so will one poor Fop devour;
But to Collect, like Bees from every flower,
Ingredients to compose that precious juice,
Which serves the world for pleasure and for
use,

In spite of faction this will favour get,
But *Falstaff* seems unimitable yet.

An Essay upon Poetry. 1682. Anon. [4to.]
pp. 14 & 16.

JOHN BANKS, 1682.



SAY not this to derogate from those excellent Persons, who, I ought to believe, have written more to please their Audiences, than themselves; but to persuade them, as *Homer*, and our *Shakefpear* did, to Immortalize the Places where they were born;

Dedication Vertue Betray'd, or Anna Bullen.
1682.

KNIGHTLY CHETWOOD, 1684.



UCH was the case when *Chaucer's*
early toyl
 Founded the *Muses* Empire in our
 Soyl.

Spencer improv'd it with his painful hand
 But *lost* a *Noble Muse* in *Fairy-land*.
Shakspeare say'd all that *Nature* cou'd impart,
 And *Johnson* added *Industry* and Art.
Cowley, and *Denham* gain'd immortal praise;
 And some who *merit* as they *wear*, the Bays.

Commendatory Verses prefixed to An Essay on
Translated Verse, by the Earl of Roscom-
mon. 1684. [4to.]

WILLIAM WINSTANLEY, 1684.

The Life of Mr. *Wil. Shakespeare*.



HIS worthy Poet Mr. *Shakespeare*, the glory of the English Stage, was born at *Stratford upon Avon* in *Warwickshire*, and is the highest honour that Town can boast of; in whom three eminent Poets may seem in some sort to be compounded. 1. *Martial*, in the warlike sound of his Surname, *Haſti-Vibrans* or *Shakespeare*, whence some have conjectured him of Military extraction. 2. *Ovid*, the most natural and witty of all Poets; and hence it was that Queen *Elizabeth* coming into a Grammar-School made this extemporary Verse.

Perſius a crab-staff, Bawdy Martial, Ovid a fine Wag.

3. *Plautus*, a very exact Comedian, and yet never any Scholar, as our *Shakespeare* (if alive) would confess himself; but by his conversing with jocular Wits, whereto he was naturally enclined, he became so famously witty, or wittily famous, as without learning, he attained to an extraordinary height in the Comique strain; yet was he not so much given to Festivity, but he could (when so disposed) be solemn and serious; so that *Heraclitus* himself might afford to smile at his Comedies they were so merry, and *Democritus* scarce forbear to sigh at his Tragedies, they were so mournful.

From an Actor of Tragedies and Comedies, he became a *Maker*; and such a Maker, that though some others may perhaps pretend to a more exact decorum and Oeconomie, especially in Tragedy, never any express a more lofty and Tragick height; never any represented Nature more purely to the life, and where the polishments of Art are most wanting, (for as we said before, his learning was not extraordinary) he pleases with a certain wild and native Elegance; and in all his writings hath an unpolished Style, as well in his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Rape of Lucrece*, and other various Poems, as in his Dramaticks.

He was an eminent instance of the truth of that Rule, *Poeta non fit sed nascitur*, one is not *Made* but *Born* a Poet, so that as *Cornish Diamonds* are not Polished by any Lapidary, but are pointed and smoothed even as they are taken out of the Earth, so Nature it self was all the Art which was used on him.

To enumerate his Comedies, they are so many, would be too tedious, that of his *Henry*, the fourth though full of sublime Wit, is very much blamed by some, for making Sir *John Falstaff* the property of pleasure for King *Henry* to abuse, as one that was a *Thraffical Puff*, and Emblem of mock-valour; though indeed he was a man of Arms, every inch of him, and as Valiant as any in his Age.

Many were the Wit Combats betwixt him and *Ben Johnson*, which two we may compare to a *Spanish great Gallion*, and an *English-man of War*, Mr. *Johnson* (like the former) was built far higher in Learning; folled but flow in his performances; *Shakespeare* with the *English-man of War*, leffer in bulk, but lighter in failing, could turn with all Tides, tack about and take advantage of all Winds, by the quickness of his Wit and invention. This our famous Comedian died, *Anno Domini* 16 . . . and was buried at *Stratford upon Avon*, the Town of his Nativity, upon whom one hath bestowed this Epitaph.

*Renowned Spenser, lye a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lye,
A little nearer Spenser, to make room [Tomb,
For Shakespeare, in your threefold, fourfold
To lodge all four in one Bed make a shift
Vntil Dooms-day, for hardly will a fifth
Betwixt this day and that, by Fates be slain,
For whom your Curtains may be drawn again.
If your precedency in death do bar,
A fourth place in your sacred Sepulchar;
Vnder this sacred Marble of thine own,
Sleep rare Tragedian Shakespeare! sleep alone,
Thy unmolested peace in an unshar'd Cave.
Possess as Lord not Tenant of thy Grave,
That unto us, and others it may be,
Honour hereafter to be laid by thee.*

*England's Worthies. Select Lives Of the most
Eminent Persons of the English Nation, &c.
By Will. Winstanley. 1684. pp. 345-7. [8vo.]*

EDWARD RAVENSCROFT, 1686.



I think it a greater theft to rob the dead of their praise, then the living of their money. That I may not appear guilty of such a crime, 'tis necessary that I should acquaint you that there is a play in Mr. Shakespeare's Volume under the name of *Titus Andronicus*, from whence I drew part of this. I have been told by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his, but brought by a private Author to be acted, and he only gave some master-touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters; this I am apt to believe, because 'tis the most incorrect and indigested piece in all his Works. It seems rather a heap of rubbish than a structure.


*Preface to Titus Andronicus, or the Rape of
Lavinia. 1686. [4to.]* ■

NAHUM TATE, 1689.

NOTHING but the Power of your
 Persuasion, and my zeal for all the
 remains of *Shakeſpear*, cou'd have
 wrought me to ſo bold an Undertaking. I
 found that the New-modelling of this Story,
 wou'd force me ſometimes on the difficult Taſk
 of making the chiefeſt Perſons ſpeak ſomething
 like their Character, on Matter whereof I had
 no Ground in my Author. *Lear's* real and
Edgar's pretended Madneſs have ſo much of
Extravaгант Nature, (I know not how elſe to
 expreſs it,) as cou'd never have ſtarted but
 from our *Shakeſpear's* Creating Fancy. The
 Images and Language are ſo odd and ſur-
 prizing, and yet ſo agreeable and proper, that
 whiſt we grant that none but *Shakeſpear* cou'd
 have form'd ſuch Conceptions; yet we are
 ſatiſfied that they were the only Things in the
 World that ought to be ſaid on thoſe Occa-
 ſions.

Dedication ("To my eſteemed Friend Tho.
Boteler, Eſq.") of the *Hiſtory of King Lear*,
 by N. Tate. 1689. [4to.]

NAHUM TATE. 1689.


 E hopes since in rich Shakespeare's
 soil it grew
 'Twill relish yet, with those whose
 Tasts are true,
 And his Ambition is to please a Few.
 If then this Heap of Flow'rs shall chance to
 wear
 Fresh beauty in the Order they now bear,
 E'en this is *Shakeſpear's* Praise; each ruſtick
 knows
 'Mongſt plenteous Flow'rs a Garland to
 Compoſe
 Which ſtrung by this Courſe Hand may
 fairer ſhow,
 But 'twas a Power Divine firſt made 'em
 grow.

*Prologue to the Hiſtory of King Lear, by N.
 Tate. 1689. [4to.]*

WILLIAM FULMAN.

[RICHARD DAVIES], 1690 *circa*.

WILLIAM Shakespeare was born at Stratford upon Avon in Warwickshire, about 1563-4. [Much given to all unluckinesse in stealing venison and Rabbits particularly from S^r Lucy, who had him oft whipt and sometimes imprisoned and at last made Him fly his native country to his great advancem^t but His revenge was so great, that he is his Justice Clodpate, and calls him a great man & y^t in allusion to his name bore three lowfes rampant for his arms.]

From an actor of playes he became a composer. He dyed Apr. 23, 1616, ætat. 53, probably at Stratford, for there he is buried and hath a monument. Dugd. p. 520. [on w^{che} he lays a Heavy curse upon any one who shal remoove his bones. He dyed a Papist].

Fulman Manuscripts (1670—1688) vol. xv, No. 7, p. 22. In the Library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. (The portions here in brackets are those attributed to Davies.)

WILLIAM LANGBAINE. 1691.



ONE of the most Eminent Poets of his
Time; * * * *

His Natural Genius to *Poetry* was
so excellent, that like those Diamonds*, which
are found in *Cornwall*, Nature had little, or
no occasion for the Assistance of Art to polish
it. The Truth is, 't is agreed on by most, that
his Learning was not extraordinary; and I am
apt to believe, that his Skill in the *French* and
Italian Tongues, exceeded his Knowledge in
the *Roman* Language: * * *
so I should think I were guilty of an Injury
beyond pardon to his Memory, should I so
far disparage it, as to bring his Wit in compe-
tition with any of our Age. * I shall * take the
Liberty to speak my Opinion, as my prede-
cessors have done, of his Works; which is this,
That I esteem his Plays beyond any that have
ever been published in our Language: and
tho' I extreamly admire *Johnson*, and *Fletcher*;
yet I must still aver, that when in competition
with *Shakespeare*, I must apply to them what
Justus Lipsius writ in his Letter to *Andræas*
Schottus, concerning *Terence* and *Plautus*,
when compar'd; *Terentium amo, admiror, sed*
Plautum magis.

An Account of the English Dramatick Poets,
Oxford. 1691. [8vo.] pp. 453—4.

* Dr. Fuller in his Account of *Shakespeare*.

JOHN DOWDALL. APRIL 10, 1693.



HE first remarkable place in this County that I visitted was Stratford super Avon, where I saw the effigies of our English tragedian Mr. Shakespeare ; parte of his epitaph I sent Mr. Lowther, and desired he would impart it to you, which I finde by his last letter he has done : but here I send you the whole inscription.

Just under his Effigies in the wall of the Chancell is this written.

[Here follows the Inscription, as on page 87 *ante.*]

Neare the wall where his monument is erected lyeth a plaine free stone, underneath which his bodie is buried with this epitaph, made by himselfe a little before his death.

[Here follows the Inscription, as on page 68 *ante.*]

The clarke that shew'd me this church is above 80 years old ; he says that this Shakespeare was formerly in this towne bound apprenti[c]e to a butcher, but that he run from his master to London; and there was received into the playhouse as a serviture, and by this meanes had an oppertunity to be what he afterwards prov'd. He was the best of his family, but the male line is extinguished : not one for feare of the curse abovefaid dare touch

his grave-stone, though his wife and daughters did earnestly desire to be layd in the same grave with him.

Autograph letter, signed "John at Stiles," and endorsed "10. Aprill. 1693. From Mr. Dowdall. Description of Severall places in Warwickshire;" and in Dowdall's handwriting, "These for Mr. Southwell. p^r Sent." First printed under the title of "Traditionary Anecdotes of Shakespeare, collected in Warwickshire, in the year MDCXCIII." 1838. [8vo.]

SHAKESPEARE UPON THE KING.

CROWNES have their compasse, length
 of days their date,
 Triumphes their tombs, felicity her
 fate ;
 Of more then earth cann Earth make none
 partaker,
 But knowledge makes the King most like his
 Maker.

*From a volume of manuscript poems, in a
 handwriting of about the time of the Res-
 toration, which belonged to the late Sir
 Alexander Boswell.*

Elucidations
TO
THE FOURTH PERIOD
OF
SHAKESPEARE'S CENTURIE OF PRAYSE.



ELUCIDATIONS.

—0—

PAGE 241.

This "Mrs. Queeny" is Judith Quiney, Shakespeare's daughter. She died in 1662.

PAGE 242.

Under date 1667, April 9 and Nov. 1, Pepys records his going to the King's House (the Lord Chamberlain's men were now the King's men) and seeing "The Tameing of a Shrew," which he calls "a mean play," and "a silly play;" though on both occasions he allows that it "hath some very good pieces in it." He also complains of its archaic phraseology. This is the older play.

We have excluded these entries from our text, believing that Mr. Richard Simpson is in error in receiving this as an early work of our great dramatist. (See *The School of Shakespeare*: p. vi, prefixed to Mr. Simpson's edition of *A Larum for London*, 1872.)

Pepys' first notice of "Macbeth" (January 7, 1666-7) is sensible and to the point. It is a "strange perfection in a tragedy," that the divertisement prevails over the horror which it is its purpose to evoke.

PAGE 250.

Two other ballads of Thomas Jordan are founded on Shakespeare: viz., *The Forfeiture: a Romance*, and *The Revolution: a Love-story*; the former on *The Merchant of Venice*, the latter on *Much Ado about Nothing*.

PAGE 251.

The writer of the *Sociable Letters* was the second wife of William, Marquess of Newcastle, the patron of Ben Jonson. In the preface she writes:

"I have Endeavoured under the Cover of Letters to Express the Humors of Mankind, and the Actions of Man's Life by the correspondence of two Ladies living at some short distance from each other, &c."

Margaret Cavendish was a woman of sense and accomplishment; but, while her thoughts are usually common-place, she conveys them by an apparatus of phraseology which is clear rather than forcible, and disproportionately diffuse. Her summary of Shakespeare's virtues is little more than an inventory, and is tautologically particular. Yet we must allow that the occasion called for the critique; and at that day it was not superfluous to insist upon the identity of the poet with each and every of his great characters. The paradox, "'tis harder to express nonsense than sense," is a great truth, singularly applicable to Shakespeare's art. What she says as to the effect of his tragedy on readers is also felicitous: and her remark on the Roman plays—"that *Antonius* and *Brutus* did not speak better to the people than he had [has] feigned them"—is reiterated with excellent effect by Archbishop Trench, in his *Lectures on Plutarch*. That she imitated Shakespeare, in her poems, is countenanced by similarities of diction: *e. g.*, in 1656 she writes:

"Had finews room fancy therein to breed,
Copies of verses might from the heel proceed."

which appears to be imitated from *King Lear*, where the fool says :

"If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?"

Some account of this admirable woman is given in Pepys' *Diary*, vol. iii, pp. 139—140 (Ed. 1848, in 5 vols.), and in Evelyn's *Diary and Correspondence*, vol. ii, p. 26 (Ed. 1859, in 4 vols.).

PAGE 257.

There is no doubt D'Avenant, whatever may have been his parentage or his morals, had very considerable poetical abilities. Remembering the tradition recorded by Aubrey (page 293), it is interesting to read the testimony of Dryden to his dramatic excellence. It is prefixed to the play written by them jointly upon the suggestion of Shakespeare's *Tempest*, and runs thus :

"In the time I writ with him, I had the opportunity to observe somewhat more nearly of him than I had formerly done, when I had onely a bare acquaintance with him : I found him then of so quick a fancy, that nothing was propof'd to him on which he could not suddenly produce a thought extreamly pleasant and surprizing : and those first thoughts of his, contrary to the old Latine Proverb, were not always the least happy. And as his fancy was quick, so likewise were the products of it remote and new. He borrowed not of any other : and his imaginations were such as could not easily enter into any other man. His corrections were sober and judicious : and he corrected his own writings much more severely than those of another man, bestowing twice the time and labour in polishing, which he us'd in invention."

Preface to The Tempest or The Enchanted Island. 1674.

PAGE 258.

This clever Prologue was identified by Mr. Bolton Corney (*Notes and Queries*, 1st S. ix, 95). Boaden (*Inquiry*, 1824, p. 38) regretted "that Dryden did not let out more of his mighty spirit in the verses"

addressed to Kneller. "He might have rendered them the vehicle of a discriminated character of Shakespeare, such as should rival that written by himself in such admirable prose." Boaden did not know that Dryden had done this in his Prologue to *Julius Cæsar*.

The line—

"'Twas well in spite of him whate'er he writ,"

reminds us of Pope's assertion that Shakespeare

"grew immortal in his own despite."

PAGE 260.

This page of our extracts from Dryden's *Defence of the Epilogue* was unfortunately worked off before it had been collated with the edition of 1679. The chief differences are these: In that edition, l. 1, *Language*; ll. 4 and 18, *Shakespear and Fletcher*; l. 5, *Jonson*; l. 9, *improvement*, and l. 20, *solecism*, are printed in italics. For spelling, l. 21, it is "sence;" l. 22, "reverenc'd"; and l. 26, "multa." For punctuation, l. 8, "line. But"; l. 17, *dele* comma after "man," and l. 19, *insert* comma after "find."

PAGE 265.

The Slighted Maid is a comedy by Sir R. Stapylton, first edition [sm. 4to], 1663. It is not recorded in Halliwell's *Dictionary of Old English Plays*. Dryden again mentions it in the Preface to his *Troilus and Cressida*, 1679: "Of this nature is the *Slighted Maid*; where there is no scene in the first Act, which might not by as good reason be in the fifth."

PAGE 276.

As Dryden here calls up the Ghost of Shakespeare, so does Bevill Higgons, a score of years later, call up "The Ghosts of Shakespear and Dryden Crown'd with

Lawrel" to speak his prologue to George Granville's (Lord Lansdowne's) adaptation of *the Merchant of Venice*. See *The Jew of Venice*, A Comedy as it is acted at the Theatre in Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields By His Majesty's Servants. 1713 (1st Ed. 1701). This is perhaps the worst of the series of plays adapted from Shakespeare.

PAGE 283.

We have here *Shakespear*, twice. It is not a misprint, but a recognised form of spelling our great bard's name. We find it in some editions of Camden's *Remaines Concerning Britaine: v. g.*, the Ed. of 1614 and 1637, which have *Shakespheare*. (See ante, p. 9, where, however, 1605 should be 1614.) Again, in the deed under which Shakespeare purchased, for £440, the unexpired term in a moiety of the tithes of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe, we find

Shakespeare once,
Shackesphere thrice,
Shakespear once,
Shakesphere five times,
Shacksphare once,
Shaksphere once.

and once he is referred to under his initials.

(Halliwell's *Life of Shakespeare*, 1848, pp. 210—216.)

In view of all these and other variations in the spelling of his name, and the fact that in five authentic signatures the bard himself adopts three different styles, what is the force of Mr. F. J. Furnivall's demand on the members of the *New Shackespheare Society*, viz., the concession that Shackespheare knew how to spell his own name? It is proved that there was no fixed orthography of the name; and we know that the printers of his works uniformly give it Shakespeare: the style which he had himself adopted in his two dedications.

PAGE 285.

This poet was the last baronet of the name, and author of some poetical things, principally translations from Ovid, (*e. g.*, the Epistle of *Sappho to Phaon*) and Horace. The passage we have given corresponds to the first five lines of Horace's Satire iv of Book I, from which we infer that the *Defence of Satyr* is imitated from that satire. We do not know whether Sir Carr Scrope's entire poem is extant. In the Earl of Rochester's *Works* (Tonson), 1714, p. 87, will be found his *Allusion*, &c. ; and the extract mentioning Shakespeare is quoted at p. 96. Rochester's reply at p. 100 ends with these personalities :

Half-witty and half-mad, and scarce half-brave,
Half-honest (which is very much a knave)
Made up of all these halves, thou can't not pass
For anything intirely but an afs.

PAGE 291.

In the edition of Cowley's works, 1680, we observe an addition to the text as we have given it : viz., for "I should take the boldness," we find, "I should presume to take the boldness." Had his sense of his own audacity grown in the meanwhile ?

PAGE 293.

We have the testimony of Pope to the prevalence of this story in his day. We read under date 1780 in Spence's *Observations, Anecdotes, and Characters* (Ed. 1820, p. 82),

"That notion of Sir William D'Avenant being more than a poetical child only of Shakepeare was common in town, and Sir William himself seemed fond of having it taken for truth."

Again, under date 1744, we have the following anecdote attributed to Pope (pp. 82—83) :

"Shakfpeare, in his frequent journeys between London and his native place, Stratford-upon-Avon, used to lie at D'Avenant's, at the Crown in Oxford. He was very well acquainted with

Mrs. D'Avenant : and her fon, afterwards Sir William, was fupposed to be more nearly related to him than as a godfon only. One day, when Shakeſpeare was juſt arrived, and the boy ſent for from ſchool to him, a head of one of the Colleges, who was pretty well acquainted with the affairs of the family, met the child running home, and aſked him whither he was going in ſo much haſte? the boy ſaid, 'to my godfather, Shakeſpeare'— 'Fie, child,' ſays the old gentleman, 'why are you ſo ſuperfluous; have you not learnt yet that you ſhould not uſe the name of God in vain?'"

Probably this ſtory is but a renovated version of one recorded by John Taylor (*Workes*, Ed. 1630, ii, 184) : where the "godfather" in queſtion was "goodman Digland the gardiner."

Oldys writes :

"If tradition may be truſted, Shakeſpeare often baited at the Crown Inn or Tavern in Oxford, in his journey to and from London. The landlady was a woman of great beauty and frightly wit; and her huſband, Mr. John Davenant (afterwards mayor of that city), a grave, melancholy man; who, as well as his wife, uſed much to delight in Shakeſpeare's pleaſant company. Their ſon, young Will Davenant (afterwards Sir William), was then a little ſchool-boy in the town, of about ſeven or eight years old, and ſo fond alſo of Shakeſpeare that whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from ſchool to ſee him. One day an old townſman obſerving the boy running homeward almoſt out of breath, aſked him whither he was poſting in that heat and hurry. He answered to ſee his god-father Shakeſpeare. There's a good boy, ſaid the other, but have a care that you don't take God's name in vain. This ſtory Mr. Pope told me at the Earl of Oxford's table . . . and he quoted Mr. Betterton the player for his authority."—*Oldys Manuscripts: Brit. Mus.*

PAGE 296.

George Scudery and his ſiſter were once popular French writers, whoſe works were translated for the Engliſh public. The former wrote a work called *Curia Politicæ*, and many poems and plays, as *Alaric*, *L'Amour Tyrannique*, *L'Arc de Triomphe*, &c. Boileau thus refers to the brother and ſiſter :

Bien heureux Scudery, dont la fertile plume
Peut tous les mois ſans peine enfanter un volume.

PAGE 299.

Sheffield was Earl of Mulgrave from 1658 to 1694, and not Duke of Buckinghamshire till 1703.

PAGE 301.

Winstanley takes the bulk of his biography from Fuller. See *Warwickshire Worthies*. 1662. Part iii, p. 220. [fo.] Ante p. 115.

PAGE 308.

This annotator on the *adversaria* of the Rev. Wm. Fulman is believed to have been the Rev. Richard Davies, Rector of Sapperton in Gloucestershire; but his name does not appear on the manuscript. It is in five or six different hands; and only two other annotations, both very short, are in Davies' supposed autograph. Little is known of him. He died in 1708. By "Justice Clodpate" Davies designates Shakespeare's Shallow. We observe that Dowdall, at the end of his letter to Southwell (quoted ante p. 310), applies the same nickname to one of the sitting judges of the Spring Assize at Warwick, in 1693.

PAGE 309.

Langbaine, too, makes free with Fuller's *Worthies*. Two copies of his *Account* were annotated by Oldys. The one which received his second annotations is in the British Museum Library. *À propos* of this book, we venture to suggest that it would be a very great convenience if the Chief Librarian of the British Museum would issue a hand-list of printed books which have manuscript annotations; such as Dr. Thomas Warton's copy of Spenser's works, and Tieck's copy of Ben Jonson's works, with the *marginalia* and other notes in full.

Oldys' notes on Langbaine belong to a period later

than our *Centurie*. There is, however, a well-known epigram, said to be by Jonson and Shakespeare, which according to George Steevens, Oldys puts forth as if he had derived it from an authentic source of some antiquity. We have not been able to recover the particular manuscript in which he is said to have given it. In Johnson and Steevens' 2nd Edition of Shakespeare 1778, pp. 204-5 (see also Malone's Edition, 1790, vol. i, p. 163), the following is given :

"Verses by Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, occasioned by the motto to the Globe Theatre.—*Totus mundus agit histrionem*."

Jonson. If but *stage actors* all the world displays,
Where shall we find *spectators* of their plays?

Shakespeare. Little or much of what we see we do;
We're all both *actors* and *spectators* too."

According to Steevens, Oldys' authority for these verses is "Poetical Characteristicks, 8vo MS., vol. i, some time in the Harleian Library; which volume was returned to its owner."

The whole story is suspicious. The alleged "motto to the Globe Theatre" is altered from the *Fragmenta* of Petronius Arbiter. See *Trajecti*, 1709, p. 673. The original words are "quod fere totus mundus exerceat histrionem."

Then again, on the title page of Oldys' *second* copy of Langbaine, we have evidence that Oldys himself wrote the verses: for there we read

Totus mundus agit histrionem.
If all the world the actor plays,
Who are *Spectators* of its Plays?

This is again altered by Oldys into

If but Stage-Actors all the World displays,
Who are allowed *Spectators* of their Plays?

and finally he has written on the left side margin,

Little or much of what we see we do,
We are both Actors and Spectators too.

Not a word of Ben Jonson or Shakespeare. Can it be that these two verses were dished up by George Steevens, and assigned by him to Jonson and Shakespeare, as a hoax on his credulous public.

For a full account of Oldys' annotated Langbaine, see *Notes and Queries*, 3rd S., vol. i, p. 81.



SHAKESPEARE'S
CENTURIE OF PRAYSE.

SUPPLEMENTARY EXTRACTS.



THOMAS NASH, 1592.

NOW would it have joy'd brave Talbot
(the terror of the French) to thinke
that after he had lyne two hundred
yeare in his tomb, he should triumph againe
on the stage, and have his bones new em-
balmed with the teares of ten thousand specta-
tors at least, (at severall times) who, in the
tragedian that represents his person, imagine
they behold him fresh bleeding ?

*Pierce Penileffe His supplication to the Devill.
Describing the over-spreading of Vice, and
the suppression of Vertue, &c. 1592. [4to.]*

FRANCIS MERES, 1596.



MICHAEL DRAYTON (*quem
toties honoris & amoris causa nomino*)

among schollers, fouldiours, Poets,
and all sorts of people, is helde for a man of
vertuous disposition, honest conversation, and
wel governed cariage, which is almost mira-
culous among good wits in these declining
and corrupt times, when there is nothing but
rogery in villanous man, and when cheating
and craftines is counted the cleaneft wit, and
foundest wifedome.

[1 Hen. IV, ii, 3.]

*Palladis Tamia. Wits Treasury Being the
Second part of Wits Commonwealth. 1598,
fol. 281. [12mo.]*

THOMAS DECKER, 1602.



WE must have false fiers to amaze these
spangle babies, these true heires of
Ma. Justice Shallow.

*Satiro - Mastix, or the Untrussing of the
Humorous Poet. 1602. [4to.]*

BEN JONSON, 1605.



ASTLY I would informe you, that this Booke, in all nūbers, is not the same with that which was acted on the publike Stage, wherein a second Pen had good share : in place of which I have rather chosen, to put weaker (and no doubt lesse pleasing) of mine own, then to defraud fo happy a *Genius* of his right, by my lothed ufurpation.

* * * *

BEN. JOHNSON. and no fuch.

*Quem Palma negata macrum, donata reducit
opinum.*

Sejanus his Fall. 1605. [4to.] *To the
Readers.*

1607.



E'LL ha' the ghost i' th' white sheet
fit at the upper end o' th' table.

The Puritan, or the Widow of Watling Street,
1607. [Anon. 4to.]

SIR WILLIAM DRUMMOND, 1614.

THE authors I have seen on the subject of love are,—Sidney, Daniel, Drayton, Spenser,—the last we have are Sir W. Alexander and Shakespeare, who have lately published their works.

Works: Fo: 1656. p. 226.

ROBERT ANTON, 1616.



R why are *women* rather growne so
mad,
That their *immodest* feete like *planets*
gad

With such *irregular motion* to base *Playes*,
Where all the *deadly sinnes* keepe *hollibaies*. [hollidaies]
There shall they see the *vices* of the *times*,
Orestes incest, *Cleopatres* crimes.


* * * *

Sooner may shamelesse wives hate *Braindford*
feasts,
Albertus Magnus, or the *pilfred Jests*
Of some spruce *Skipiack Citizen* from *Playes*,
A *Coach*, the secret *Baudihouse* for *waies*,
And riotous waste of some new *Freeman* made,
That in one *yeere* to *peices* breakes his *trade*,
Then wash the toad-like speckles of *defame*,
That swell the *world* with *poyson* of their
shame:

What *Comedies* of *errors* swell the *stage*
With your most *publike vices*, when the *age*
Dares personate in *action*, for, your *eies*
Ranke *Sceanes* of your *lust-sweating qualities*.

The Philosopher's Satyrs. 1616. [4to.] Pp.
46 & 51. *Fifth Satyr.* Of *Venus*.

SIR WILLIAM CORNWALLIS, 1617.

ET neither can his blood redeem him [Richard III] from injurious tongues, nor the reproch offered his body be thought cruell enough, but that we must still make him more cruelly infamous in pamphlets and plays.

*The Prayse of King Richard the Third. 1617,
being part of a Collection of Scarce and
Valuable Tracts, &c., of the late Lord
Somers. 1810. [4to.] Vol. 3. p. 328.*

MICHAEL DRAYTON, 1627.



HAKESPEARE thou hadst as
 smooth a Comicke vaine,
 Fitting the socke, and in thy natural
 braine,
 As strong conception, and as Cleere a rage,
 As any one that trafiqu'd with the stage.

*"To my most dearly-loved friend HENERY
 REYNOLDS, Esquire, of Poets and Poesie."
 From Elegies appended to the Battaille of
 Agincourt: &c. 1627. [sm. fo.]*

1644.

ALTHOUGH he came with confidence to the scaffold, and the blood wrought lively in his cheeks, yet when he did lye down upon the block he trembled every joint of him ; the sense of something after death, and the undiscovered country unto which his soul was wandering startling his resolution, and possessing every joint of him with an universal palsey of fear.

*London Post, January, 1644. (On the
Execution of Archbishop Laud.)*

1655.



KNOW-WELL. Upon a rainy day, or when you have nought else to do, you may read Sir *Walter Raleigh*, Lord *Bacon's* Natural History, the Holy Warre, and *Brown's* Vulgar Errors. You may find, too, some stories in the English Eusebius and the Book of Martyrs, to hold discourse with the Parson on a Sunday dinner.

Mrs. Love-wit. Sometimes to your wife you may read a piece of *Shak-speare*, *Suckling*, and *Ben Jonson* too, if you can understand him.

Know. You may read the *Scout* and *Weekly Intelligence*, and talk politickly after it. And if you get some smattering in the Mathematicks, it would not be amiss, the Art of dyalling, or to set your clock by a quadrant, and Geography enough to measure your own land.

The Hectors ; or, the False Challenge. 1656.
(*Notes and Queries* : 5th S. i, 304.)

* * * *The two following extracts reached us after the foregoing had been printed.*

T. M., 1604.

COME you to search an honest Bawdie-house, this seven and twentie yeares in fame and shame ? goe too then, you shall search ; nay, my very Bootes too : are you well now ? the least hole in my house too, are you please now ? can we not take our ease in our Inne, but we must come out so quickly ? Nawd, goe to bed, sweet Nawd, thou wilt coole thy grease anon, and make thy fat cake.

The Blacke Booke. 1604. [4to.] Sig. B 4.

J. S., 1651.

THE true and primary intent of the Tragedians and Commedians of old, was to magnifie Virtue, and to depresse Vice ; And you may observe throughout the Works of incomparable Johnson, excellent Shakespear, and elegant Fletcher, &c., they (however vituperated by some freight-laced brethren not capable of their sublimity,) aim at no other end.

An excellent Comedy, called the Prince of Priggs revels ; or, the Practises of that grand Thiefe Captain James Hinds, relating Divers of his pranks and exploits, never heretofore published by any. Repleat with various conceits and Tarltonian mirth, fuitable to the subject. 1651. [4to.] Addres " To the Reader."

Elucidations
TO THE
SUPPLEMENTARY EXTRACTS
OF
SHAKESPEARE'S CENTURIE OF PRAYSE.



ELUCIDATIONS.

—0—

PAGE 327.

We have here doubtless an allusion to the play of *Henry the vi* mentioned in *Henslowe's Diary* (March 3, 1591-2): and this may be identical with the *First Part of Henry the Sixth* in the Folio Edition of Shakespeare, 1623. Whether Shakespeare had any share in this play is, to say the least, problematical. Nash's work was reprinted for the Shakespeare Society in 1842 under Mr. J. P. Collier's superintendence. That gentleman reprinted it again for his *Yellow Series*. It is remarkable that these two reprints manifest many discrepancies.

PAGE 328.

We have here an expression quoted from the *First Part of Henry IV*, ii, 3, where Falstaff says:

"You Rogue, heere's Lime in this Sacke too: there is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous man."

PAGE 329.

A slight allusion to *Henry IV*.

PAGE 330.

We apprehend that it would not be difficult to extract from some of Ben Jonson's earlier plays the lines contributed by "so happy a *Genius*" as Shakespeare. The most notable is that transcendently majestic passage on poetry, which appears in the first edition of

W W

Every Man in his Humour, but is omitted from every subsequent edition. We have no doubt that it was written by Shakespeare. These are the lines :

Lorenzo junior.

Opinion, O God let grosse opiniō sinck and be damnd
As deep as *Barathrum*,
If it may stand with your most wisht content,
I can refell opinion and approve,
The state of poesie, such as it is,
Blessed, æternall, and most true devine :
Indeede if you will looke on Poesie,
As she appeares in many, poore and lame,
Patcht up in remnants and old worne [out] ragges,
Halfe starvd for want of her peculiar foode :
Sacred invention, then I must conferme,
Both your conceite and censure of her merrite,
But view her in her glorious ornaments,
Attired in the majestie of arte,
Set high in spirite with the precious taste,
Of sweet philosophie, and which is most,
Crownd with the rich traditions of a foule,
That hates to have her dignitie prophand,
With any relish of an earthly thought :
Oh then how proud a presence doth she beare
Then is she like her selfe, fit to be feene,
Of none but grave and consecrated eyes :
Nor is it any blemish to her fame,
That such leane ignorant, and blasted wits,
Such brainlesse guls, should utter their stolne wares
With such applauses in our vulgar eares :
Or that their slubberd lines have currant passe,
From the fat judgements of the multitude,
But that this barren and infected age,
Should set no difference twixt these empty spirits,
And a true Poet : then which reverend name,
Nothing can more adorne humanitie.

Every Man in his humor. 1601 (last scene).

The motto affixed to Ben's signature to this epistle is most happily chosen. It is from Horace's Ep : II, i, an epistle which he must have well conned.

PAGE 331.

A slight allusion to the ghost of Banquo in *Macbeth*.

PAGE 332.

This note of Drummond's must belong to the period of 1614-1616; for Alexander was not knighted till 1614, and Shakespeare, who died in 1616, is here spoken of as a living author. The word "lately" induces us to give the earliest date possible to the note.

PAGE 334.

When we prepared the copy of our *Third Period* we deliberately excluded this extract, because we saw nothing whatever in it constituting an allusion to Shakespeare. But observing that Mr. Bohn (*Lowndes'* B. M., 2312) remarks, "This work contains the Prayse [sic] of Richard the Third, in which are some curious references to plays on the history of that Sovereign by Shakespeare," we have given the only passage in it which can be supposed to refer to Shakespeare. If there be anything else to the point in this essay, it has escaped our search.

PAGE 335.

Professor David Masson in his admirable *Life of Sir Wm. Drummond*, 1874, appears to refer this epistle to the date 1619-1620. There is a copy of the Edition of Drayton's "Poems collected into one volume," with title bearing date 1620, in the Grenville Library, and a copy of the same Edition, with title bearing date 1619, in the British Museum Library: but the Epistle "on Poets and Poesie" is not in either. We believe it was first printed in 1627.

PAGE 336.

This forcible passage contains an evident quotation from *Hamlet*, ii, 3:

But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered Country, from whose Borne
No Traveller returnes, Puzels the will, &c.

(Fo., 1623.)

It is quoted in the *Academy*, January 31, 1874, p. 121.

The allusion is to the well-known question of Falstaff in *I Henry IV*, iii, 3.

This is the latest discovered mention of Shakespeare that has turned up since we commenced our *Centurie*. It was communicated to the *Athenæum* (September 19, 1874) by its discoverer, Mr. George Bullen, the courteous Superintendent of the Reading Room at the British Museum, to whom we are indebted for valuable aid in our search for extracts. From the *Athenæum* notice we take the following remarks.

"This being a comedy, so called, and by J. S., one is at first inclined to think that it was most likely written by James Shirley; but upon examination, it will be seen not to bear any traces of Shirley's style. It is, in fact, more in the nature of a *droll*, such as those published by Kirkman in 1673,—'The Wits or sport upon sport,'—as specimens of the mutilated sort of stage-plays that were exhibited by stealth during the time (1642-60) in which stage-plays were prohibited by ordinance of the Lords and Commons. Although in five acts, the play is very brief, containing only fourteen pages altogether. The hero of it, Capt. Hinde, a famous highwayman, was said, at the time when it was published, to have accompanied Charles the Second in his wanderings after the Battle of Worcester, and to have actually escorted the Prince and Wilmot to London itself. At least, so it was put forth, but with no ground of truth, in the newspapers of the time. In accordance with this belief, Charles the Second is introduced as one of the characters in the play, under the title of the 'King of Scots.' This is almost conclusive against the supposition that Shirley, who was a devoted Cavalier, was the author of the piece, as he would scarcely have deemed it respectful to his sovereign to introduce him as the companion of a notorious highwayman. Moreover, Dyce, in his edition of Shirley, takes no notice of this piece, although he took pains to collect everything that might fairly be attributed to his author. Hinde was afterwards hung, drawn, and quartered, not for his highway robberies, but for his high treason, and there are some verses upon him, 'by a poet of his own time,' inserted in Johnson's 'Lives of the Highwaymen,' which remind one strongly of Wordsworth's lines on Rob Roy."



Additions and Corrections

TO THE

ELUCIDATIONS.

—o—

PAGE 3.

Kind-Harts Dreame is undated: but the address "To the Gentlemen Readers" and the entry in the Stationers' Books prove that the tract was written between the date of Robert Greene's death and December in the same year, i. e., 1592. It was, probably, published in the following year. We were under the impression that the British Museum copy which we used was not the first edition. We are now disposed to believe that it is.

PAGE 4.

Strictly speaking *Englandes Mourning Garment* is undated and anonymous. But *The order and proceeding at the Funerall, &c.* (which follows the main work), has the date of Queen Elizabeth's burial, "28 of April, 1603;" and the postscript thereto, "To the Reader," is signed "Hen: Chetle."

PAGE 5.

The entire refrain is as follows:

"Lament, lament, lament, you English Peeres,
Lament your losse { poffest } fo many yeares."
 { enjoyd }

PAGE 8.

We are unable to verify Steevens' note, or collate his copy: for the book which contained Harvey's note (a copy of Speght's *Chaucer*, 1598) passed into the collection of Bishop Percy; and his library was burnt in the fire at Northumberland House. The editors of the Clarendon Press edition of *Hamlet* (Preface, p. ix) remark: "Steevens attributed to the note the date of the book, but Malone has shown that, although Harvey may have purchased the volume in 1598, there is nothing to prove that he wrote the note till after 1600, in which year Fairfax's translation of Tasso, mentioned in another note, was published."

PAGE 9.

Carew's discourse was first printed in the edition of Camden's *Remaines* which has the date 1614. Our date 1605 (that of the first edition of the *Remaines*) was an inadvertence. In the extract "Barlow" is the old misprint for *Marlow*. The fragment is his *Hero and Leander*, completed by Chapman at one time, and by Pettowe at another.

PAGE 10.

Three verses in *Colin Clout's come home againe*, viz., those on Amyntas (who is Ferdinando Earl of Derby), must have been written April 16, 1594, when Lord Derby (formerly Lord Strange) died. Todd and others have inferred from this that the poem, which was first printed in 1595, was really written in the preceding year: and that in the date appended to the dedication 1591 is a press-error for 1594. We adopted this view; but we are now convinced that Spenser had finished the first draft of his poem in January, 1591, and subsequently amplified it. Some have seen a discrepancy between the date appended to that dedication, and that appended to the dedication of

Daphnaida: but if, as Mr. Hales believes, the latter work is alluded to in the former, January and December, 1591 must be legal old style dates, the year beginning with the former and ending with the latter month.

PAGE 29.

Poems in divers humors is the fourth tract in a volume of which the first bears Richard Barnefield's name. We should have given it in brackets.

PAGES 30 & 31.

The passages are in the edition of the *Scourge of Villanie* published in 1598, but less correctly printed.

PAGE 45.

"The quene" here mentioned is Anne of Denmark, the Queen of James I. A wood-cut facsimile of this letter, traced by Mr. E. W. Ashbee, forms the frontispiece of the large-paper copies of our work.

PAGE 74 (on page 18).

Sir Egerton Brydges assigns this "Epicedium" to Harbert; Mr. W. B. Rye simply corroborated the suggestion of Brydges (*Restituta*, 1815, vol. iii, p. 298).

PAGE 75 (on page 19).

We hastily accepted Drake's assertion, that Drayton's reference to the *Rape of Lucrece* (if it be that) was "in this impression (1594) and *solely* in this impression" (*Shakspeare and his Times*, vol. iii, p. 39). As a matter of fact it is in the edition of 1596.

PAGE 81 (on page 48).

We might have quoted as a pendant to the extract from *Ratseis Ghost*, the following from *The Returne from Pernassus*, 1606:

Studiſo. Fayre fell good *Orpheus*, that would rather be
 King of a mole hill, then a Keyfars flave :
 Better it is mongſt fidlers to be chiefe,
 Then at ſa] plaiers trencher beg reliefe.
 But iſt not ſtrange this [theſe] mimick apes ſhould prize
 Unhappy Schollers at a hireling rate.
 Vile world, that liſts them up to hye degree,
 And treads us downe in groveling miſery.
England affordes thoſe glorious vagabonds,
 That carried earſt their fardels on their backes,
 Courſers to ride on through the gazing ſtreetes,
 Sooping it in their glaring Satten futes,
 And Pages to attend their Maſterſhips :
 With mouthing words that better wits have framed,
 They purchaſe lands, and now Eſquires are made.
Philomufus. What ere they ſeeme being even at the beſt
 They are but ſporting fortunes ſcornfull jeſts.
Stud. So merry fortune is wont from ragges to take,
 Some ragged grome, and him ſome gallant make.

(Actus 5, ſcena 1.)

This will alſo ſerve to ſtrengthen our aſſertions on
 pages 72 and 231.

PAGE 163 (on page 87).

The conſe miſprint occurs in *The Playhouſe
 Pocket Companion*, 1779 [12mo], in the firſt line of
 which "Sophocles" is an error for *Socrates*. (See
Biog. Dram : 1812. Int : lxxiii.)

PAGE 164 (on page 89).

After the firſt line of our extract, Mr. Collier's
 verſion (*History of the Stage*, I, 430, note) has the
 following four lines :

Which he reviv'd to be revived foe
 No more — young Hamlett, old Hieronymoe,
 King Lear, the cruel Moore, and more befide
 That lived in him have now for ever dyde.

This interpolation is, to us, evidently ſpurious.

Other differences in Mr. Collier's copy are theſe :

"us'd" is altered to	<i>seem'd</i>
"crewes"	<i>sad crew</i>
"did but seeme"	<i>but seem'd</i>
"he had bene deade"	<i>even then hee dyed.</i>

All the further additions in the expanded version given by Mr. Collier, *New Particulars*, pp. 29-31, are in our opinion modern fabrications.

PAGE 178 (on page 115).

As we have given an example of the heroic employment of the phrase *to shake a spear*, we add one of the mock-heroic, from *Histrion-mastix, or the Player Whipt*, 4to, 1610, the work mentioned on page 182 (*Elucidations* to the extracts on pages 124 & 127).

Enter Troylus and Cressida.

Troy. Come *Cressida* my Creffet light,
Thy face doth shine both day and night,
Behold, behold, thy garter blue,
Thy knight his valiant elboe weares,
That When he shakes his furious Speare,
The foe in shivering fearefull fort,
May lay him downe in death to snort.

Cres. O Knight with valour in thy face,
Here take my skreen weare it for grace,
Within thy Helmet put the fame,
Therewith to make thine enemies lame.

Land. Lame stufte indeed the like was never heard.

(Sig. C. 4 recto.)

The knight is *Post-haste*, in whom Mr. Richard Simpson sees a caricature of Shakespeare. The four lines here spoken by Troylus contain the supposed allusion to an incident in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, which we believe to be rebutted by the dates.

PAGE 232 (on page 209).

In the third line of this note, "first" is a press error for *jest*.

We must not omit to notice the tradition of a letter written by the King to Shakespeare.

In the Advertisement to Lintot's Edition of Shakespeare's *Poems*, 1709 [8vo], we read :

"That most learned prince, and great patron of learning, King James the First, was pleased with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakespeare ; which letter, though now lost, remained long in the hands of Sir William D'Avenant, as a credible person, now living, can testify."

Oldys, in a manuscript note on his copy of Fuller's *Worthies*, says, that "the story came from the Duke of Buckingham, [i.e. Sheffield] who had it from Sir William D'Avenant."





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List of Exclusions.

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I. IRRELEVANT ALLUSIONS.

The Schoole of Abuse : by Stephen Gosson	1579
("Some plaiers modest, if I be not deceived.")	
Letter from Sir Philip Sidney to Secretary Walsingham, dated "Utrecht, this 24th of March"	1586
(Mentioning "Will, my lord of Lester's jesting plaier.")	
The Anatomie of Absurditie : by Thomas Nash	1589
An Epistle to the Gentlemen Students of the Two Universities : by Thomas Nash	1589
(This is prefixed to Robert Greene's <i>Menaphon</i> . It contains the famous passage on "English <i>Seneca</i> ," and "whole <i>hamlets</i> ; I should say, handfuls, of tragical speeches." Compare an epigram "of one y ^t had stolne much out of <i>Seneca</i> ," in the Dr. Farmer Chetham MS. ed. Grosart, vol. i, p. 84.)	
The Teares of the Muses : by Edmond Spenser	1590
(Mentioning "Our pleasant Willy.")	
Wits Miserie and the Worlds Madnesse : by Thomas Lodge	1596
The Poetaster : by Ben Jonson	1601
Paper's Complaint: by John Davies, of Hereford	1611
Sir Thomas Smithe's Voiage and Entertainment in Rushia	1605
Bel-man's Night Walkes : by Thomas Dekker	1612
The Night Raven : by Samuel Rowlands	1620
(In each of the last three works is a <i>Hamlet</i> allusion.)	

Essays and Characters : by J. Stephens 1615

(He was friend to Ben Jonson, and himself the author of one long tragedy, *Cythia's Revenge*. See *Notes and Queries*, 4th S., iii, 550. We have rejected this work from our catena with great hesitation and regret.)

II. SPURIOUS ALLUSIONS.

The Two Maids of Moreclack : by Thomas Greene.

(Containing lines mentioning "our swan of Avon:" attributed by Steevens to the editor, William Chetwood.)

Letter from Macklin the comedian.

(Containing verses subscribed Thomas May and Endymion Porter, mentioning "Shakspeare" and "Avon's Swan," attributed by Malone to Macklin.)

Song on Sir Thomas Lucy, attributed to John Jordan of Stratford-upon-Avon.

(The Oldys Manuscripts are said to contain one stanza : other verses are quoted by William Chetwood in a Manuscript History of the Stage 1730. This man stood sponsor to Tonson's edition of Shakespeare, 1735.)

Epigrams by Ben Jonson and Shakespeare : quoted, and *nostro judicio* fabricated, by Steevens (see ante, p. 323).

Lines on the Death of Burbage : published by Mr. J. P. Collier (see p. 164 & 348).

Cum multis aliis.





Postscript.

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BUT little has been done towards tracing the influence of SHAKESPEARE'S works on his successors of the seventeenth century. As a very small contribution to such a work take the following :

- 1.—Don Quijote, Parte II, 1615, has traces of *As you like it* and *Macbeth*.

(See Mr. Rawdon Brown's letter in the *Athenæum*, July 5th, 1873.)

- 2.—The Two Angrie Women of Abington, by Henry Porter, 1599, seems to quote from *Romeo and Juliet*, and has a trace of *Hamlet*.

(See Rimbault's edition, 1841, pp. 73 & 81.)

- 3.—Acolastus his After-witte, by S. N., 1600, imitates a line in 3 *Henry VI*, and appropriates whole passages out of Shakespeare's *Lucrece*.

(See Collier's *B. & C. Account*, vol. i, additions, p. xxviii*.)

- 4.—'Tis Merrie when Gossips meet, by Samuel Rowlands, 1602, has traces of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *Romeo and Juliet*.

- 5.—The Insatiate Countess, 1603, imitates a line in *King John*.

- 6.—The Legend of Cupid and Psyche, by Shakerley Marmion, 1637, imitates a passage in *Hamlet*, and bears the trace of another.

(See Singer's edition, 1820, pp. 32 & 33.)

- 7.—Lucrecia, part of The Heroïnæ, 1639, by G. Rivers, appropriates many phrases from Shakespeare's *Lucrece*.

- 8.—The Jews Tragedy, by William Heminge, 1662, imitates a line in *Hamlet*.

(See Collier's *B. & C. Account*, vol. i, additions, p. xix*.)

FINIS.



